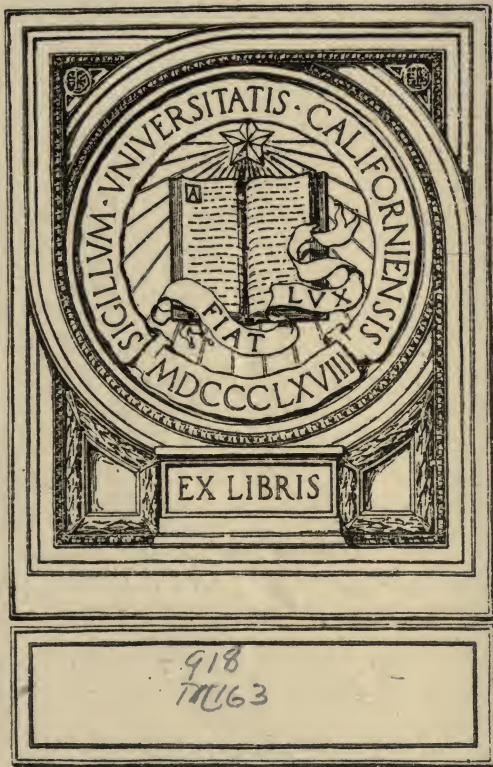


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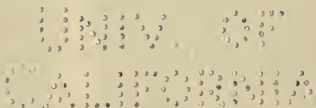
The Canterbury Poets

• EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP


WAR SONGS

* * FOR FULL LIST OF THE VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES
* * SEE CATALOGUE AT END OF BOOK.

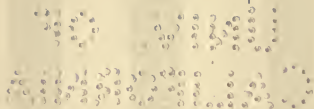
WAR SONGS AND SONGS
AND BALLADS OF MAR-
TIAL LIFE. SELECTED, WITH AN
INTRODUCTORY NOTE, BY JOHN
MACLEAY.



LONDON
WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED
PATERNOSTER SQUARE



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NOTE.

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'Creçy' and Sir Francis Hastings Doyle's 'The Saving of the Colours' and 'The Private of the Buffs'; to Mr Gerald Massey for 'The Relief of Lucknow'; to Mr A. T. Quiller-Couch for 'Tim, the Dragoon'; to Messrs George Routledge & Sons for Lover's 'The Bowld Sojer Boy' and Lever's 'The Bivouac'; to Mr William Sharp for 'A Cavalry Catch'; to Dr Sigerson and Mr Fisher Unwin for 'A Warrior's Duties,' from *Bards of the Gael and Gall*; to Mr Fred E. Weatherly for 'The Old Brigade'; to Mr Charles Williams for 'In the Bivouac,' from *Soldiers' Songs*, and to Mr Barry Pain and *The Daily Chronicle* for 'Our Dead.'

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the kind help and numerous suggestions he has received from Mr E. Rimbault Dibdin.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE object of this collection is to reflect, in some measure, the military spirit of our country, so far as it reveals itself in our literature of poetry and song. The mere outline of British history is a romance of war, grandly thrilling. Fighting was a tonic, and braced our people, hardened our sinews, and now, as a result, we bear upon our shoulders, with an odd confidence, the weight of an Empire unparalleled in extent and importance. The strength of Great Britain has been its love of peace and its readiness to fight. The racial composition of our Empire, with its strongly-contrasted elements, has favoured the up-building of a resourceful national character. At one time this was a weakness, but the years have done their work. Saxon and Celt and Scandinavian, and an old, old blood from far-distant forefathers have merged, and there has been developed what it is usual to call an

'all-round people.' For it is not in war and commerce alone that our victories have been won. Every department of human activity has received some gift from these islands. Happily our ceaseless and enterprising excursions in thought and trade have engendered no trace of weakness, as recent events have amply proved. Happily, too, our recognition as a fighting people depends not on great military or naval organisations, but on the sure foundation of national character. It has been said, and with some truth, that Britain blunders through her difficulties. We are not inapt pupils in the school of adversity, and it is comforting at times to reflect that stress of circumstances has been a discipline to us, defeat a tightening of the lips and stiffening of the muscles. At the lowest ebb of our fortunes, salvation has been found in our reserve of calm, dogged determination — a grim, stern resolution to see the thing through that has often risen to splendid glowing chivalry. The British passion for individual liberty has successfully resisted any tendency towards militarism, and yet we are not less renowned for fighting qualities than those nations whose first thought is of armies, armaments and the dire concerns of war.

It is natural that to us the navy should be of supreme importance, and that its influence on our

imagination should overshadow that of the army. The romance of the sailor's life—its roving, its joviality and fine adventure—has ever been an irresistible attraction. The passing of the sailing ship has removed some of the old glamour, but our pride in our navy, in the majesty of its iron-clads, in our bluejackets and marines, is as lively as ever. The navy has become an intimate part of our life. It is never found wanting, and at all the odd jobs of empire-building and empire-strengthening, there is our sailor-man straightening out affairs with his shrewd good sense and humour. The army, on the other hand, has never impressed the popular mind as the navy has done. Yet it has a history scarcely less illustrious. It has performed deeds such as any other army has never excelled and seldom equalled. The individual soldier is 'a first-rate fighting man'—for such insular egotism we have more than British authority—but somehow he is not to us as the sailor is. A subtle difference marks our regard for soldier and for sailor. That it should be so seems hardly fair. Time, doubtless, will strike a balance, and evidences are increasing that the soldier is to remain no longer under even the hint of a cloud.

9 The story of the navy is breezy and picturesque.

From wooden walls to ironclad is a sudden and mighty transformation ; but a thought given to the history of the army, will show that in contrasts and pictorial effectiveness it is not far behind the record of the navy. In dress, compare the heavy armoured, the ringed and chain mail, the helmet, the leg bandages of King Harold's army with the khaki outfit and the red coat : in arms, the axe, the heavy sword, the darts and arrows of olden times with the magazine rifle and bayonet, shrapnel and lyddite shell. Between those contrasts of dress and arms is a period of slow and hesitating evolution. At Crécy and Poitiers, the fighting qualities of what army Britain had were first established under the Black Prince. In those great battles, and again at Agincourt, the crude artillery of the bowman achieved the victory. The revealing circumstances of the battle of Auray are worth recalling in this connection. The archers, finding that their arrows made no impression on the French, threw away their bows, and with a love of hand-to-hand fighting, which is typically English, charged, and, snatching the axes from the amazed enemy's hands, carried all before them. After the two earliest great military leaders of England, the Black Prince and Henry V., comes Cromwell, who was the first to appreciate the necessity for a

thoroughly organised and disciplined army. To him we owe the beginning of our existing land forces. Later history has the names of Marlborough and Wellington, under whom the army won undying laurels; since those times its fighting fame has shone with undiminished splendour. It is a curious reflection that many of those great campaigns in which our army has exhibited its prowess, have been brought to a successful issue, despite corruption and innumerable abuses. Dependence has had to be placed on the personal courage of our officers and private soldiers. The cost has been pitiful, but our trust has been justified. The fighting power of the individual soldier has sustained us.

Some reference to the fighting qualities of our country and to our military history seemed a necessary introduction to such a book as this, whose interest is almost wholly confined to the national and warlike verse of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. England, of course, stands first in importance, though its literature of war songs is perhaps weaker than that of those countries where the Celt at one time predominated. Indeed, if, among the inhabitants of Britain, we wish to find an ancient war song, we must turn to the Gael. He lived and moved and had his being in song; for all he did he had a lilt or chant. War being one of his chief

concerns, he sang of it, and the words of his songs have the warrior's relish for fighting and the frenzy of battle. Gaelic war songs have not been drawn upon for this collection for the reason that internecine conflicts and tribal quarrels are their principal inspiration. I have, however, included Dr Sigerson's translation of Finn MacCool, Fionn or Fingal's sober advice to his grandson MacLugach. This bit of old wisdom expresses part of the early Celt's ideal—an ideal whose beauty it were well to remember in these latter days. Fionn's humane exhortation is not, one need hardly say, a complete summing up of the Celtic fighter's duties. Ossian the pagan sings,—

‘Twas not in forming fields or grass
That my king took delight,
But in mangling the bodies of heroes,
In contesting kingdoms and spreading his fame.’

Again Ossian reveals the heart of a grim, terrible warrior,—

‘Were my son Oscar and God
Hand to hand on the hill of the Fians,
If I saw my son down
I would say that God was a strong man.’

The exclusion of songs that deal with internecine war explains the absence from this collection of

any representation of Jacobite verse. That the unhappy house of Stuart should have tapped one of the most fruitful wells of song that we know of is a wonder of history. So it was, and in the product of the Jacobite singers is summed up all the romance of war. There is a song for every mood : small wonder that they touch all hearts. Fierce patriotism, unfaltering devotion to a leader, bitter sarcasm, quiet humour, the passion for home, chivalry, the splendour of fighting and the glory of dying—these things and much more have what almost seems a final utterance. The isolation and artistic completeness of this outburst in our literature are startling. It is the last great song of a people, and the pathetic note that runs through it—a wail as of an early autumn wind at dusking—is a most winsome thing to set ear to. Not many songs of war and campaigning move to tears, but those do, for in them is not only the clash of arms, but the cry of torn hearts, the most pitiful lament for an ideal lost.

A few of the songs of continental nations have been included in this collection, but only a few, and these not essentially war songs. Indeed, any attempt at an adequate selection of the war and national songs of other countries would demand an arrangement in which Great Britain would have a secondary

place. Germany, by reason of Körner's unequalled fighting songs and others not far behind, would claim the largest share of such a book. How it is that England is deficient in war songs is hard to explain. Perhaps it is that the war song demands a certain amount of aggressive egotism, and that is not an English trait. The Englishman is rather prone to pooh-pooh his successes: it is his odd way of showing his pride. Then, in the songs we possess, the navy is the most potent inspiration. The late Professor Blackie, who had no high opinion of the Englishman's singing abilities, regarded the nautical songs of the early part of the century as unequalled in the history of literature. Though the army has just as full a history as the navy, our military songs are fewer in quantity and of lesser merit than those of the sister service. In battle descriptions, however, our recent literature is comparatively prolific. The length of some of these has compelled their omission from this selection. Enough, it is hoped, has been quoted to outline the history of our army's greatness. To pass comment on those glowing battle narratives were uncalled for here now: most of them have taken a permanent place in our literature; but one must remark the straightforward spirit of them, their simple directness and descriptive power. Lacking in exalted

imagination many of them doubtless are: their strength is in their interpretation of national character and national courage. Above all is Drayton's 'Agincourt': splendid in movement and inspiring in theme, this magnificent ballad seems to accord with the high imperial views and the imposing dreams which at this day fill the minds of Britons. In such measure and in language similarly ennobling might the mood of the present find a most fitting expression.

Coming to soldier songs, or those verses and poems which may be fittingly placed under that designation, one first of all remarks their comparative modernness. Not until the Napoleonic era, when the army had established its organisation and power, did the song writer find material in the life of the soldier. Songs of war older than that period exist, of course, but in the light of Britain's record on the battlefield the bulk of them is small indeed. Yet we are not a silent people: song holds us and moves us. A taking lilt or a robust chorus sets the most sober tongues a-wagging. 'Lillibulero' sang a king out of a throne. In America, 'Tippecanoe and Tyler Too' sang a president into White House. The national nonsense song has not yet lost its power. The song of a crisis needs but little artistry. It must be hot

and strong, straight from the shoulder, be touched by a broad humour. In the past the street balladist supplied most of our wants ; nowadays the Music Hall is an ample purveyor. Thus, the silence with regard to the army requires some explanation. Partly, no doubt, it was due to the overwhelming esteem in which the navy was held, and perhaps in a greater degree to the fact that prior to the Peninsular War the army was the shuttlecock of political parties. After the 'affections,' the song writer found politics paid best. And this has to be remembered, too, that the popular mind had not become thoroughly accustomed to soldiering as a profession.

One of the oldest songs of soldiering is 'We be Soldiers Three,' which appears to have been written early in the seventeenth century. The ensuing years added little to our store of martial songs, but the stress of the Napoleonic wars roused a passion for rhyming. France, then as now, was the text of our songs, and it is curious to note the uniform conviction that that country is our great national enemy. Among the host of song writers, however, none arose to do for the army what Smollett and the Dibdins did for the navy. Had someone created a model, the soldier song would assuredly rank higher as literature than it does. Few collec-

tions of soldier songs exist, and I have found it a tedious and monotonous task to peruse at a sitting even a handful of those that have been brought together. For the purposes of this volume, therefore, I have tried to select those which are typical of the varied moods that inform our literature of martial song. Many, no doubt, are little more than doggerel, but they have piquancy and quaintness. Here and there a humorous notion is hit off with very happy effect, and a robust and manly spirit animates most of them.

From the character of those songs one derives the impression that the soldier's life stood apart from that of the nation. They have a certain remoteness, an impersonal quality that contrasts with the intimacy and comradeship which sailor songs denote. I imagine the sailor must have got very near the hearts of the people when he was baptised Jack Tar. The soldier received a name only within recent years, and that in a very curious way. 'Thomas Atkins' originated in a canteen joke. In one of those schedules, which our War Office is said to produce in remarkable profusion, there appeared, a few years ago, the name Thomas Atkins, printed as an indication of the manner in which the form should be filled. That was the beginning. It is not a name which

the soldier greatly loves ; though probably held by many worthy citizens, it is not a name remarkable for dignity, but it represents a type ; to some it represents an ideal. In whatever light we regard it, 'Tommy Atkins' takes us into closer fellowship and association with the soldier : he is no more to us a regimental number. 'We all love Jack,' with his rolling gait, his joviality and breezy ways ; more and more we are getting to love 'Tommy.' He's a wonderful patriot and democrat this soldier of ours, stiffened by hard drill, straight-backed, with an alarming swagger, an oiled curl, and a quaint, aggressive pride in his calling ; humanly full of discontent and grievance, with no more love than stay-at-home folk for blistering marches and an empty belly, fonder of life than most, he is a great and honourable fighter, gay in face of a soldier's death, and a broad humorist in time of peril.

This is the type of soldier that most of our modern song writers eulogise. It is the type which Mr Rudyard Kipling has presented in his poetry of the barracks and battlefield. Circumstances have permitted the inclusion of only one of Mr Kipling's poems, and it is remarkable less on account of its poetic qualities than its effectiveness as an appeal to the nation to help 'the home that Tommy's left behind him.' Its achievement in this

respect is probably without parallel in any literature. But long before 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' appeared, Mr Kipling had easily won the laureateship of the army. He brushed aside old conventions and introduced a new order of martial verse. To him we owe a revelation of campaigning and battle. There is no pose about him ; he handles honour and glory with no hint of awe ; his language is free ; for him soldiering is a rude, hearty work, and fighting a barbaric exhilaration. The ideal he depicts is not wholly worthy ; his soldier is not a man of elevating attraction, but underlying the rudeness, the occasional coarseness and vulgarity, and the gleaming of a timid sentimentality, are a large patriotism and a true appreciation of fair fighting.

Under Mr Kipling's lead, the soldier has, within recent years, come prominently to the front in song. But not as a soldier poet alone, not in literature alone have the virility and ardour of Mr Kipling's personality been influential. Actual above all things, he is a dreamer of great dreams. He was not the first Imperialist of the new aggressive type, but the hearty uprising of sympathy between British people all the wide world over must, in large measure, be ascribed to his vigorous expression of Anglo-Saxon ideals. It is not un-

natural that against part of his creed, and against part of the creed of those whom he has influenced, a protest should be made. On the one hand, we have wild animal spirits, a love of fighting, a passion for adventure, impatience of restraint, redeemed by a great ideal ; on the other, unobtrusive patriotism, a fear of expansion, a sincere horror of war. This is no place to discuss great political movements, but the bearing on our army of those opposing tendencies is obvious. The war in which we are now engaged has enlarged our views as to the army : we seem on the eve of great developments, whether on the line of the Czar's beneficent movement or in the direction of an armed Empire that shall withstand the world, is for the future to reveal. Because of the close analogy existing between the state of feeling as regards war and military affairs in the United States and that in our own Empire, I have devoted a small section to the songs of America. Under any circumstances these would merit some mention. They have evident faults, but their distinctive marks, vigour, humour and swing, give them a high place alone among songs of the kind. As for Mrs Julia Ward Howe's ' Battle Hymn of the Republic,' it is a poem of solemn grandeur. It expresses the highest ideal of war in words most simple and eloquent. It is litera-

ture such as this, words so noble, ideas so moving and profound, and not the activity of the politician, which unites the English-speaking race. This is no hymn of a republic, it is a hymn for all peoples who war in righteous causes. It is alive to grim realities, but, as we read it, poor miserable feelings fall away from us, and thrilled by its music, quickened by its faith, we rise above frailties and a cloud of meannesses : just war becomes an instrument of God.

JOHN MACLEAY.

NATIONAL

WAR SONGS.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

GOD save our gracious Queen !

Long live our noble Queen !

God save the Queen !

Send her victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us ;

God save the Queen !

O Lord our God, arise,

Scatter her enemies,

And make them fall !

Confound their politics,

Frustrate their knavish tricks,

On Thee our hopes we fix,—

God save us all !

SCOTS WHA HAE

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may she reign !
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing, with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen.

HENRY CAREY.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

SCOTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie !

Now's the day and now's the hour,
 See the front of battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power,
 Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotia's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do or die !

ROBERT BURNS.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

OH ! land of my fathers, the land of the free,
The home of the *telyn*,* so soothing to me,
Thy noble defenders were gallant and brave,
For Freedom their heart's life they gave.

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is Wales,
Till death be pass'd my love shall last,
My longing, my *hiraeth* † for Wales.

Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong ;
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
Thy hills and thy valleys so dear.
Wales, etc.

* harp.

† yearning.

Though slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong,
 The language of Cambria still charms us in song ;
 The *awen* * survives, nor have envious tales
 Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.

Wales, etc.

Welsh words by EVAN JONES.

(Translation by John Owen.)

THE MARSEILLAISE.

YE sons of France, awake to glory,
 Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise,
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries !
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?
 To arms ! To arms, ye brave !
 Th' avenging sword unsheath !
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 To victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
 Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise ;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And, lo ! our fields and cities blaze.

* muse.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air ;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore ;
But man is man, and who is more ?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?

O Liberty ! can man resign thee !
Once having felt thy generous flame ?
Can dungeon, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whip thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield ;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

(*Translated anonymously.*)

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

LIKE gathering thunder spreads the cry,
Like clash of arms when battle's nigh,
The Rhine ! there's danger to the Rhine !
Who'll shield it from the foe's design ?
Dear Fatherland ! no fear be thine ;
Steadfast and true, we guard our German Rhine !

The tidings flash through million hearts,
From million flaming eyes it darts ;
Our valiant sons, in danger strong,
We'll guard our hallowed stream from wrong !

What though the foe my life should quench,
I know thy wave will ne'er be French ;
And ample as thy tide of blue,
The living streams of heroes true.

The shades of heroes past and gone
Upon our deeds are looking down ;
By home and Fatherland we swear
The foeman from thy banks to scare.

While through my veins the life is poured,
As long as I can hold a sword,
No stranger shall our land despoil,
No foeman desecrate our soil.

Proclaim the vow from shore to shore !
Let banners wave and cannons roar !
The Rhine ! the lovely German Rhine ;
To keep it Germans all combine.

Dear Fatherland ! all fear resign,
Stout hearts and true will keep watch on the Rhine.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

(Translated by Lady Natalie MacFarren.)

RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

GOD the All-terrible, Thou who ordainest,
Thunder Thy clarion and lightning Thy sword,
Show forth Thy pity on high when Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy word,
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

GOD preserve our gracious Emp'ror,
Franz our sovereign, great is he !
Wise as ruler, deep in knowledge,
Nations his renown may see !
Love entwines a crown of laurel
That shall all unfading be ;
God preserve our gracious Emp'ror,
Franz our sovereign, great is he !

O'er a vast and mighty Empire
Ruler and Sov'reign day by day ;
Though he wields a potent sceptre,
All beneficent his sway !
From his shield the Sun of Justice
Ever casts its purest ray !
God preserve, etc.

To adorn himself with virtues
He, and all successful, tries ;
Ne'er against his loving people
Does his hand in anger rise !
No ! to see them free and happy,
This he holds the highest prize.
God preserve, etc.

Pioneer of perfect freedom,
Blessings round his footsteps cling !

To its pinnacle of greatness
Soon may he his country bring !
And when death at last approaches
Shall his grateful people sing :
God preserve, etc.

BARON ZEDLITZ.

(*Translation by Edward Oxenford.*)

SPANISH NATIONAL AIR.

How wretched the fate of the fetter-bound slave !
How green and how holy the patriot's grave !
Let us rush to the field ! for the trump from afar
Calls Spaniards to triumph, and heroes to war !
Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
To conquer—to perish for freedom and Spain !

O list to the summons ! the blood of our sires
Boils high in our veins—and 'tis vengeance inspires :
Who bows to the yoke ? who bends to the blow ?
No hero will bend, and no Spaniard will bow !
Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
To conquer—to perish for freedom and Spain !

My children, farewell ! my beloved, adieu !
My heart's blood shall flow in its torrents for you ;
Those arms shall be red with the gore of the slain,
Ere they clasp thee, fond wife, to this bosom again !
Our country in tears sends her sons to the plain
To conquer—to perish for freedom and Spain !

PATRIOTIC

Patriotic.

THE SONG OF THE BOW.

WHAT of the bow ?

The bow was made in England :
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows ;
For men who are free
Love the old yew-tree,
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord ?

The cord was made in England :
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love ;
And so we will sing of the hempen string,
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft ?

The shaft was cut in England :
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true ;
So we'll drink all together
To the grey goose feather,
And the land where the grey goose flew.

14 HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT

What of the mark?

Ah! seek it not in England :
A bold mark, an old mark,
Is wasting over-sea,
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?

The men were bred in England :
The bowmen—the yeomen,
The lads of dell and fell.
Here's to you—and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.
CONAN DOYLE.

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Then let the louns beware, Sir ;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

Oh ! let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till slap ! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it !
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among ourselves united ;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrongs be righted !
 No ! never but by British hands
 Maun British wrongs be righted !

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
 But de'il a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our Fathers' Blude the kettle bought,
 And who would dare to spoil it ?
 By Heav'ns, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it !
 By Heav'ns the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it !

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born brother,
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together !
 Who will not sing, ' God save the king !'
 Shall hing as high's the steeple ;

RULE, BRITANNIA

But while we sing, 'God save the king !'
We'll ne'er forget the People,
But while we sing 'God save the King !'
We'll ne'er forget the People.

ROBERT BURNS.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain :
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all :
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak :
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown :
Rule, Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine :
Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :
Rule, Britannia, etc.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

THE trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone ;
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England !
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the banner'd line.

18 THE FRENCH ARE ALL COMING

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent in Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths play'd,
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known ;
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low,
That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd ;
Sound on, and on, for ever more,
O thou victorious word !

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE FRENCH ARE ALL COMING.

THE French are all coming, for so they declare,
Of their floats and balloons all the papers advise us ;
They're to swim through the ocean and ride on the air,
In some foggy ev'ning to land and surprise us
Their army's to come and plant liberty's tree,
Call'd the army of England, what matchless presumption !

THE FRENCH ARE ALL COMING 19

Let them come ; those who meet not with agues at sea,
Will on shore first get fevers, and then a consumption :
Poor fools ! by the finger of Fate they're invited ;
For our freedom and laws,
Come on in this cause,
They no longer are Britons, who are not united.

The old women and children report such strange things
Of their grand preparations, their routs, and their rackets;
One army, they tell us, is furnished with wings,
And another's accoutred, they say, in cork jackets ;
Well, so much the better, their luck let 'em try ;
Come here how they will, we shall damnably nim 'em :
'Ten't the first time, my lads, we have made the French
fly ;
And as for their jackets, we'll curiously trim 'em.
Poor fools, etc.

Then they'll fasten a rope from the Land's End to France,
On which, when their wonderful project's grown riper,
They'll all to the tune of the carmagnol dance,
Determin'd to make Jack Rosbiff pay the piper.
But let 'em take care we don't come athwart hause ;
If we should, they'll just fancy the devil has got 'em ;
For they'll get from their horses so decent a toss,
That, capsiz'd, will soon send them a dance to the
bottom.
Poor fools, etc.

Yet who knows how far their mad liberty scheme
May succeed ? of man's wrongs the suppos'd panacea :

20 THE FRENCH ARE ALL COMING

They have often come here, kill'd us all—in a dream,
And afterwards ate us all up—in idea.
And let 'em dream on that they're cutting our throats
'Till, devoted to danger they're little aware on,
They wake from their sleep, change their flat-bottom'd
boats
For a voyage o'er the Styx in the boat of old Charon.
Poor fools, etc.

But, jesting apart, we their pride must chastise
Though we'd no other hold on our hearts and our duty
Than their insolent boast, that they'll seize as their prize,
In their purse English gold, in their arms English
beauty.
English beauty for them ! The infernals scal'd Heaven,
That soon hurl'd to fate their audacious malignity ;
So shall they, to their fate by a virtuous frown driven,
Own that females of Britain possess British dignity.
Poor fools, etc.

Then rouse, Britons, rouse, while this vapouring crew
Are deluding their own, and belying our nation ;
Let us, noble, unanimous, loyal and true,
To their folly give pity, their threats indignation.
Our freedom's not riot, nor uproar run wild,
To honour, to virtue, to dignity treason ;
A rational blessing, just, temp'rate, and mild ;
The freedom of England's the freedom of reason.
Poor fools, etc.

THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

IN the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come ;
Where the Romans endeavoured our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's
cause ;

We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and
applause,

And defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our
laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;
Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.

Such is our love, etc.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear :
Ev'n Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such is our love, etc.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such is our love, etc.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their numbers fondly boasted, till we did advance :
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.
Such is our love, etc.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold clime may each of us find
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties still
kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our
laws,

And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's
cause ;

That they, like their ancestors bold, for honour and
applause,

May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our
laws

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HARRY ERSKINE, BART.

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame ;
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws ;

We'll fight for our country, our king, and his crown,
And make all the traitors and croppies lie down.

The rebels so bold, when they've none to oppose,
To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes ;
They murder poor parsons and likewise their wives,
At the sight of a soldier they'd run for their lives :
Whenever we march through country and town,
In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot those they dare not to face ;
But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the field,
A handful of soldiers make hundreds to yield :
The cowards collect but to raise our renown,
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in this war so unmanly they wage,
On women, dear women, they turn their damn'd rage :
We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,
They'll sure to find safety when clasp'd in our arms :
On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,
But bless the brave troops that make croppies lie down.

Should France e'er attempt by force or by guile,
Her forces to land on old Erin's sweet isle
We'll show that they ne'er can make free soldiers slaves,
They shall only possess our green fields for their graves.
Our country's applause our triumphs will crown,
Whilst with their French brothers the croppies lie down.

24 MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

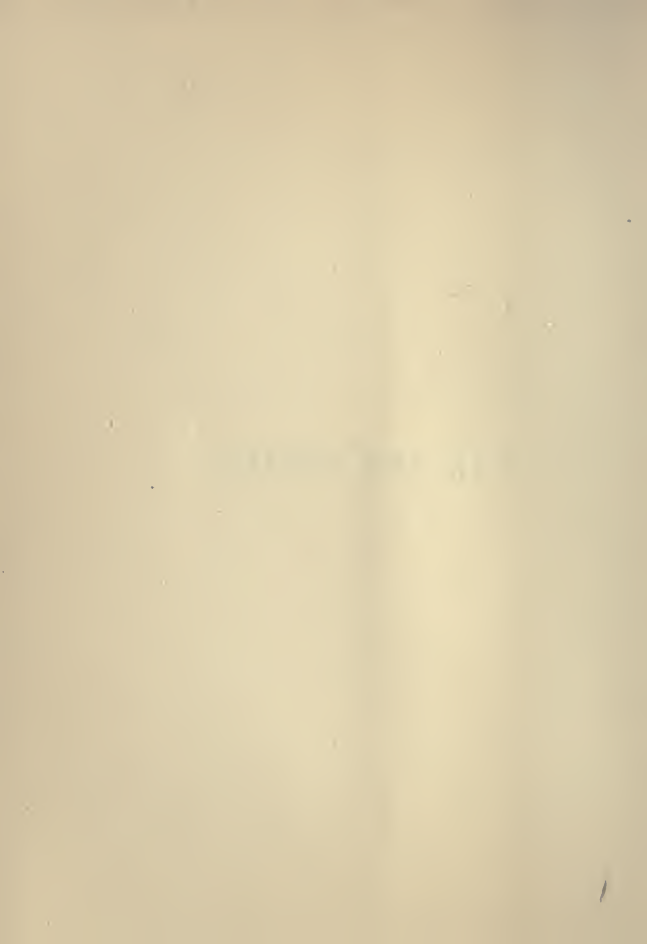
When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,
And peace with her blessings revisit our shores :
When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
With pride will our families welcome us home ;
They'll drink in full bumpers, past troubles to drown,
A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

HARK ! I hear the foe advancing,
Barbèd steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets in the sunbeams glancing,
 Glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming ?
See ye not their falchions gleaming,
While their pennons gaily streaming
 Flutter in the breeze ?
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war-cry sounding
 Summon all
 At Cambria's call,
The haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech, on to glory !
See, your banner famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye,
 ' Britain scorns to yield !'

'Mid the fray see dead and dying,
 Friend and foe together lying ;
 All around the arrows flying,
 Scatter sudden death !
 Frightened steeds are wildly neighing,
 Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
 Wounded men for mercy praying
 With their parting breath !
 See—they're in disorder !—
 Comrades, keep close order !
 Ever they
 Shall rue the day
 They ventur'd o'er the border.
 Now the Saxon flees before us ;
 Victory's banner floateth o'er us !
 Raise the loud, exulting chorus
 ' Britain wins the field !'

WAR AND BATTLE



THE GOING OF THE BATTERY.

[November 2, 1899. Late at night, in rain and in darkness, the 73rd Battery R.F.A. left Dorchester Barracks for the war in South Africa, marching on foot to the railway station, where their guns and horses were already entrained.]

VOICES OF WIVES AND MOTHERS.

*Rain came down drenchingly ; but we unblenchingly
Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,
They stepping steadily—only too readily !—
Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.*

*Great guns were gleaming there—living things seeming
there—
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, upnosed to the night :
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.*

*Lamplight all drearily, blinking and blearily
Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,
While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them
Not to court peril that honour could miss.*

30 THE GOING OF THE BATTERY

*Sharp were those sighs of ours, blinded these eyes of ours,
When at last moved away under the arch
All we loved. Aid for them each woman prayed for them
Treading back slowly the track of their march.*

*Someone said, 'Nevermore will they come! Evermore
Are they now lost to us!' Oh, it was wrong!
Though may be hard their ways, some Hand will guard
their ways—
Bear them through safely—in brief time or long.*

*Yet—voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,
Hint in the night-time, when life-beats are low,
Other and graver things . . . Hold we to braver things—
Wait we—in trust—what Time's fulness shall show.*
THOMAS HARDY.

War and Battle.

CRECY.

AT Crécy by Somme in Ponthieu
High up on a windy hill,
A mill stands out like a tower,
King Edward stands on the mill.
The plain is seething below,
As Vesuvius seethes with flame,
But O ! not with fire, but gore,
Earth incarnadined o'er,
Crimson with shame and with fame.
To the King run the messengers, crying,
'Thy Son is hard press'd to the dying !'
'Let alone ; for to-day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever :
So, let the boy have the glory.'

Erin and Gwalia there
With England are rank'd against France ;
Out-facing the oriflamme red
The red dragons of Merlin advance :

As a harvest in autumn renewèd,
The lances bend o'er the fields ;
Snow thick our arrow-heads white
Level the foe as they light ;

Knighthood to yeomanry yields :
Proud heart, the King watches, as higher
Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher ;
' To-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever !
Let the boy alone have the glory.'

Harold at Senlac-on-Sea

By Norman arrow laid low,
When the shield-wall was breach'd by the shaft,
Thou art avenged by the bow !
Chivalry ! name of romance !

Thou art henceforth but a name ;
Weapon that none can withstand,
Yew in the Englishman's hand,
Flight-shaft unerring in aim !
As a lightning-struck forest the foemen
Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen ;
' O to-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever !
So, let the boy have the glory.'

Pride of Liguria's shore,
Genoa wrestles in vain ;
Vainly Bohemia's King
King-like is laid with the slain.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS 33

The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood,
The shame of the centuries o'er ;
Where the pride of the Norman had sway,
The lions lord over the fray.

The legions of France are no more :
The Prince to his father kneels lowly :
' His is the battle—his wholly !
For to-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever !
So, let him have the spurs and the glory.'

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS

Before Harfleur.

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;

34 KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS

Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in those parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers : now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
March'd towards Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stop'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.

Yet, have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.

Victor I will remain
Or on this earth be slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,

No less our skill is,
Then when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vanward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.

Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder.
That with cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thy age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,

And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew ;
Not one was tardy.
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St Crispin's day,
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry ;
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field :
The most conspicuous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he :
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas ! there were *no more*,
They fought with forty thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

‘ Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about :
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out !
You musquet and cailiver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I’ll be the bravest man in fight,’
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail :
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most piteous for to see,
But nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men’s view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more ;

And then upon the dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
That could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And bearing up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And cutting tow'rds the Spaniard,
Five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly ;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge out most furiously :
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee :
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
' Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoilèd all
If that we longer stay :
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground
For all the devils in hell.'

And when the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously
To rout his forces quite ;
And at last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky :
' God, and St George for England ! '
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.
' O ! this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won :
Of all the Lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done ! '

To the soldiers that were maimèd
And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free :
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed !

If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our country free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun :
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found :
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he
' Who fell in the great victory.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

‘ I find them in the garden,
There’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men,’ said he,
‘ Were slain in that great victory !’

‘ Now, tell us what ’twas all about,’
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
‘ Now, tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.’

‘ It was the English,’ Kaspar cried,
‘ That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,’ quoth he,
‘ That ’twas a famous victory.

‘ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

‘ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide ;

And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

‘ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

‘ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,
And our good Prince Eugene.’
‘ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !’
Said little Wilhelmine.
‘ Nay, nay, my little girl,’ quoth he ;
‘ It was a famous victory.

‘ And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.’
‘ But what good came of it at last ?’
Quoth little Peterkin.
‘ Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he,
‘ But ’twas a famous victory.’

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

16th January 1809.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—

But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

SING, a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gi'e to gallant Grahame,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame,
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British Lion shook his mane
On the mountains o' Vittoria.

Let blust'rin' Suchet crouslly crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
And Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.

If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scottish piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gi'e truth an' honour to the Dane,
Gi'e German's monarch heart and brain ;
But aye in sic a cause as Spain,
Gi'e Britons a Vittoria.

The English Rose was ne'er sae red,
The Shamrock waved whare glory led,
And the Scottish Thistle raised its head
An' smiled upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought and mony fell ;
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.

The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa,
An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The Eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the 'meteor flag' floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.

Britannia's glory there was shown
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave.

Upon thy field, Vittoria !
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,
An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes, play ;
Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot shew'd there that day
A prelude to Vittoria.

Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice ;
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
Barossa an' Vittoria !

WILLIAM GLEN.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

AT Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, ' Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough—
Give the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted.'

50 THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right in the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, 'Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted.'

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent,
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current ;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green :
Wellington wept—the iron man !
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground ;
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quail'd,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he fain would honour
gain,
And he longed to take a passing glance at Portugal from
Spain ;
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted *corps d'armée*—

O, he feared not our dragoons, with their long swords,
boldly riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sacked the
town,

When, 'twas *peste ! morbleu ! mon Général*,

Near the English bugle call !

And behold the light dragoons, with their long swords
boldly riding,

Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled through
the wall ;

They took no time to seek the door,

But, best foot set before—

O, they ran from our dragoons, etc.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a
mile,

When on their flank there soused at once the British
rank and file ;

For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then

Ne'er minded one to ten,

But came on like light dragoons, etc.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords of
Sheffield steel,

Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led ;
So huzza for brave dragoons, etc.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to
Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song :
The eagles that to fight he brings,
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons, etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

ON came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast ;
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
The war was waked anew.

Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,

The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
Th' advancing onset roll'd along,

Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame
 Peal'd wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude ;
Nor was one forward footstep stay'd,
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square !
And on the wounded and the slain
Clos'd their diminish'd files again ;
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—
 Then waked their fire at once !
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.
 Then down went helm and lance,
Down rent the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced and pennons rent ;
 And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against the staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
 Forced their resistless way :

Then to the musket knell succeeds
 The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds :
 As plies the smith his clanging trade,
 Against the cuirass rang the blade ;
 And while amid their close array
 The well-served cannon rent their way.
 And while amid their scatter'd band
 Raged the fierce riders' bloody brand,
 Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
 Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier,
 Horseman and foot—a mingled host,
 The leaders fallen, their standards lost.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MUSTER OF THE GUARDS.

February 1854.

LYING here awake, I hear the watchman's warning—
 ' Past four o'clock '—on this February morning ;
 Hark ! what is that ?—there swells a joyous shiver
 Borne down the wind o'er the voices of the river ;
 O'er the lordly waters flowing, 'tis the martial trumpets
 blowing,
 'Tis the Grenadier Guards a-going—marching to the War.

Yes—there they go, through the February morning,
 To where the engine whistles its shrill and solemn
 warning,

56 THE MUSTER OF THE GUARDS

And the dull hoarse roar of the multitudes that cheer
Falls ever and anon with a faint crash on the ear ;
'Mid the tears of wives and mothers, and the prayers of
many others,
And the cheers of their brothers, they are marching to
the War.

Cheer, boys, cheer ! till you crack a thousand throats ;
Cheer, boys, cheer ! to the merry music's notes ;
Let the girls they leave behind them wave handker-
chiefs and scarfs,
Let the hearty farewell ring through the echoing streets
and wharfs ;
Come—volley out your holloas—come, cheer the gallant
fellows,
The gallant and good fellows, marching to the War.

Bridge of Waterloo !—let the span of each proud arch
Spring to the feet of the soldiers as they march ;
For the last time they went forth, your glorious name
was born
Where the bullets rained like hail among the summer
corn :
Ah ! we'll not forget too soon the great Eighteenth of June,
While the British Grenadiers' tune strikes up gaily for
the War.

Bridge of Waterloo ! accept the happy omen,
For the staunchest friends are wrought out of the
bravest foemen :

THE MUSTER OF THE GUARDS 57

Guards of Waterloo !—the troops whose brunt you
bore
Shall stand at your right hand upon the Danube's
shore ;
And Trafalgar's flags shall ride on the tall masts, side by
side,
O'er the Black Sea and the Baltic, to sweep the waves of
War.

Die, die away, o'er the bridge and up the street,
Shiver of their music, echo of their feet ;
Dawn upon the darkness, chilly day and pale ;
Steady rolling engine, flash along the rail ;
For the good ship waits in port, with her tackle trim and
taut,
And her ready funnels snort, till she bear them to the
War.

Far, far away, they are bound across the billow,
Where the Russian sleeps uneasy on his last plundered
pillow ;
Where the Cross is stained with fraud by the giant evil-
doer,
And the pale Crescent shines with a steady light and
pure ;
And their coats will dim with dust, and their bayonets
brown with rust,
Ere they conquer, as we trust, in the mighty game of
War.

58 NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS

God defend the right, and those that dare to claim it !
God cleanse the earth from the many wrongs that
shame it !

Give peace in our time, but not the peace of trembling,
Won by true strength, not cowardly dissembling ;
Let us see in pride returning, as we send them forth in
yearning,
Our Grenadier Guards from earning the trophies of the
War.

SIR FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

‘WE’LL HAE NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS HERE.’

[At the charge on the heights of Alma, when the Guards were pressing on to share the honour of the battle with the Highlanders, Sir Colin Campbell, cheering on his men, cried aloud, ‘ We’ll have none but Highland bonnets here ! ’]

ALMA, field of heroes, hail !
Alma, glorious to the Gael.
Glorious to the symbol dear,
Glorious to the mountaineer ;
Hark, hark, to Campbell’s battle cry !
It led the brave to victory,
It thunder’d through the charging cheer—
‘ We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here ! ’
We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !
We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !
It thunder’d through the charging cheer—
We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS 59

See, see the heights where fight the brave !

See, see the gallant tartans wave !

How wild the work of Highland steel,

When conquered thousands backward reel.

See, see the warriors of the north !

To death or glory rushing forth !

Hark to their shout from front to rear—

‘ We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here ! ’

 We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

 We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

 Hark to their shout from front to rear—

 We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

Braver field was never won,

Braver deeds were never done ;

Braver blood was never shed ;

Braver chieftain never led :

Braver swords were never wet

With life’s red tide when heroes met !

Braver words ne’er thrilled the ear—

‘ We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here ! ’

 We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

 We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

 Braver words ne’er thrilled the ear—

 We’ll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

Let glory rear her flag of fame ;

Brave Scotland cries, ‘ This spot I claim ! ’

Here will Scotland bare her brand,

Here will Scotland’s lion stand !

60 CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Here will Scotland's banner fly,
Here Scotland's sons will do or die !
Here shout above the 'symbol dear'—
'We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !'

We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !
It thunder'd through the charging cheer—
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here !

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
'Charge !' was the captain's cry ;
Their's not to reason why,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to do and die,
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thundered :

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well ;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare, .
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sobering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Fiercely the line they broke ;
Strong was the sabre-stroke :
Making an army reel
 Shaken and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd :
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode through the jaws of death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

Honour the brave and bold !
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

PROUD Lucknow lies before them, all its pageantry un-
rolled ;

Against the smiling sapphire gleam her tops of lighted
gold.

Each royal wall is fretted all with frostwork and with fire,
A glory of colour jewel-rich, that makes a splendour-pyre,
As wave on wave the wonder breaks, the pointed flames
burn higher,

On dome of Mosque and Minaret, on pinnacle and spire ;
Fairy creations, seen mid-air, that in their pleasaunce wait,
Like wingèd creatures sitting just outside their heaven-
gate.

The city in its beauty lies, with flowers about her feet :
Green fields, and goodly gardens, make so foul a thing
seem sweet.

The bugle rings out for the march, and, with its fiercest
thrill,

Goes to the heart of Havelock's men, and works its
lordly will,

Making their spirits thrill, as leaves are thrilled in some
wild wind :

Hunger and heartache, weariness and wounds, all left
behind.

Their sufferings are forgotten now, as in the ranks they
form,

And every soul in stature rose to wrestle with the storm.

All silent ! what was hid at heart could not be said in
words :

With faces set for Lucknow, ground to sharpness keen as
swords.

A tightening twitch all over ! a grim glistening in the eye,
'*Forward !*' and on their way they strode to dare, and
do, and die !

Hope whispers at the ear of some that they shall meet
again,

And clasp their long-lost darlings, after all the toil and
pain ;

A-many know that they will sleep to-night among the
slain,

And many a cheek will bloom no more for all the tearful
rain.

And some have only vengeance ; but to-day 'tis bitter
sweet ;

And there goes Havelock ! his the aim too lofty for
defeat ;

With steady tramp the Column treads, true as the firm
heart's beat,

Strung for its headlong murderous march through that
long, fatal street.

All ready to win a soldier's grave, or do the daring deed,
But not a man that fears to die for England in her need.

The masked artillery raked the road, and ploughed them
front and flank ;

Some gallant fellow, every step, was stricken from the
rank ;

But, as he staggered, in his place another sternly stepped,
And firing fast as they could load, their onward way they
kept.

Now, give them the good bayonet ! with England's
fiercest foes,

Strong arm, cold steel will do it, in the wildest, bloodiest
close :

And now their bayonets flash in forks of lightning up the
ridge,

And with a cheer they take the guns, another, clear the
bridge.

One grand home-thrust ! and surely, as the dead in doom
are sure,

They send them where that British cheer can trouble
them no more.

The fire is biting bitterly, onward the battle rolls ;
Grim death is glaring at them from ten thousand hiding-
holes.

Death stretches up from earth to heaven, spreading the
darkness round ;

Death piles the heaps of helplessness face downward to
the ground ;

Death flames from sudden ambuscades, where all was still
and dark ;

Death swiftly speeds on whizzing wings the bullets to
their mark ;

Death from the doors and windows, all around and over-
head,

Darts, with his cloven fiery tongues, incessant, quick and
red.

Death everywhere, Death in all sounds, and, through its
smoke of breath,

Victory beckons at the end of long dark lanes of death.

Another charge, another cheer, another battery won !
And in a whirlwind of fierce fire the fight went roaring on
Into the very heart of hell ; with comrades falling fast,
Through all that tempest terrible, the glorious remnant
passed.

No time to help a dear old friend ; but where the wounded
fell,

They knew it was all over, and they looked a last fare-
well.

And dying eyes, slow-setting in a cold and stony stare,
Turned upward, saw a map of murder scribbled on the air
With crossing flames ; and others read their fiery, fearful
fate,

In dark, swart faces waiting for them, whitening with
their hate.

But proudly men will march to death, when Havelock
leads them on.

Through all the storm he sat his horse as he were cut in
stone !

And now his look grows dark ; his eyes gleam with un-
easy flash :

' On for the Residency, we must make a last brave dash.'

And on dashed Highlander and Sikh through a sea of fire
and steel ;

On, with the lion of their strength, our first in glory,
Niel !

It seemed the face of Heaven grew black, so close it
held its breath,

Through all the glorious agony of that long march of
death.

The round shot tears, the bullets rain ; dear God, out-
spread Thy shield !

Put forth Thy red right arm, for them Thy sword of
sharpness wield !

One wave breaks forward on the shore, and one falls
helpless back ;

Again they club their wasted strength to fight like '*Hell-
fire Jack.*' *

And ever as fainter grows the fire of that intrepid band,
Again they grasp the bayonet as 'twere Salvation's hand.
They leap the broad, deep trenches, rush through arch-
ways streaming fire :

* *Sobriquet of Captain Olpherts.*

Every step some brave heart bursts, heaving deliverance
nigher.

'I'm hit,' cries one, *'you'll take me on your back, old
comrade, I*

*Should like to see their dear white faces once before I die ;
My body may save you from the shot.'* His comrade bore
him on,

But, ere they reached the Bailie Guard, the hurrying soul
was gone.

And now the Gateway arched in sight ; the last grim
tussle came.

One moment makes immortal ! dead or living, endless
fame !

They heard the voice of fiery Niel, that for the last time
thrilled :

'Push on, my men, 'tis getting dark': he sat where he
was killed.

Another frantic surge of life, and plunging o'er the bar,
Right into the harbour hurling goes their whirling wave
of war,

And breaks in mighty thunders of reverberating cheers,
Then dances on in frolic foam of kisses, blessings, tears.
Stabbed by mistake, one native cries with the last breath
he draws,

*'Welcome, my friends, never you mind, it's all for the
good cause.'*

How they had leaned and listened, as the battle sounded
nigher ;

68 THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS

How they had strained their eyes to see them coming
crowned with fire !
Till in the flashing street below they heard them pant for
breath,
And then the friendly faces smiled clear from the cloud
of death ;
And iron grasp met tender clasp ; wan weeping women
fold
Their dear Deliverers, down whose long brown beards
the big tears rolled.
Another such a meeting will not be on this side heaven !
The little wine they have hoarded, to the last drop shall
be given
To those who, in their mortal need, fought on through
fearful odds,
Bled for them, reached them, saved them, less like men
than glorious gods.

1859.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS.

(An incident in the Zulu War, 1879.)

FOR victory !—no, all hope is gone ; for life ! let that
go too ;
But for the Colours still work on—the chance is left with
you.
I know to share our death with us ye both desire to stay,
But these are my last orders—mount ! and with them
force your way.'

THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS 69

On Coghill and on Melvill thus these last commands
were laid ;

They left the Colonel where he stood, and without words
obeyed.

In silence, then, that steadfast pair moved onward side
by side,

And lifting with its staff the Flag, began their ghastly
ride.

Watched through the wild and whirling fight, through
wreaths of eddying smoke,

Their horses ridden hard and straight, on these bold
foemen broke ;

Amid the dark lines plunging deep, their blades flashed
back the light,

And then, like divers in the sea, they both are hid from
sight.

But now we know they died not there, for rising up once
more,

Through the rough battle-tide they beat, alive, though
wounded sore ;

The red drops fell like falling rain, but still their steeds
were swift ;

And hope is strong within them as they gallop for the
Drift.

O'er grinning boulders guided safe, forced through fierce
tufts of thorn,

Then dashing like a torrent down the path by torrents
worn ;

70 THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS

Well handled in that fearful race, and never slackening
speed,

The chargers struggle gallantly, nor fail them at their need.

In vain the dusky giants spread all over that rough
ground ;

With cruel eyes and glistening teeth, like panthers leap
around ;

Melvill's skilled bridle hand is there, and Coghill's hover-
ing sword ;

A new escape each stride, but still, they foil that furious
horde.

Till, toiling through the reed-beds dank, and up the wild
ravine,

They gain the open hill-top whence the longed-for Drift
is seen.

Alas ! the rifles flash and ring—alas ! like billows roll
Besieging masses to and fro, between them and their goal.

The last frail chance they feel is gone, and turn at once
aside :

But turn without despairing, since not for themselves they
ride.

Beyond the flood, a furlong's breadth, the land is English
land,

And they must bear our Colours there, though in a dying
hand.

They plunge and swim, the stream runs on—runs dark
with priceless gore,

THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS 71

But that high purpose in the heart lends life, and something more ;
For though their best blood mingle with the rain-swelled river's foam,
Death has no power to stop them till they bring their Colours home.

Death had not power to stop them. No ! when through spates rolling dim,
Melvill, half drowned, cried out aloud to help the Flag, not him ;
When Coghill, crippled and out-worn, re-treading that grim track,
A martyr in war's noble faith, to certain fate rode back.

They had, it might be thought, to die, leaving their work half done,
But aid unseen rose up to end the task so well begun ;
It was as if the intense desire through earth, air, water wrought,
Passed from them with their passing souls, and home the Colours brought.

Those Colours, saved for happier days, and armed with that desire,
Shall feel the last breath of the dead thrill through their folds like fire ;
And by the spirit-memories of that bold ride made strong,
O'er many a battle field in power shall yet be borne along.

72 THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS

But those who shielded them from shame, and through
fierce thousands made
A passage for them with their blood, are in due silence
laid ;
Silence between the strife and them, between them and
the cheers
That greet the Flag returning slow, the welcome and the
tears.

For now, forgetting that wild ride, forgetful of all pain,
High amongst those who have not lived, who have not
died in vain,
By strange stars watched, they sleep afar, within some
nameless glen,
Beyond the tumult and the noise, beyond the praise of
men.

But we who feel what wealth of hope for ever there was
lost,
What bitter sorrow burns for them, how dear those
Colours cost,
Can but recall the sad old truth, so often said and sung,
The brightest lives fade fast—that those whom the gods
love die young.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

THE CALL TO ARMS

The Call to Arms.

SOLDIER, WAKE ! THE DAY IS PEEPING.

SOLDIER, wake ! the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping ;
Never when the moonbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill.
'Tis when they are glinted back,
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story,
Many a page of deathless glory :
Shields that are the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm, and up ! the morning beam
Hath called the rustic to his team,
Hath called the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath called the huntsman to the brake.
The early student ponders o'er
The dusty tomes of ancient lore.

THE TROOPER'S DITTY

Soldier, wake ! thy harvest fame ;
Thy study conquest ; war thy game,
Shield that should be a foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror !

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain,
More paltry still the sportsman's gain,
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream ;
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd,
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled,
And each is eagerer in his aim,
Than he who barter's life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror,
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror !
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE TROOPER'S DITTY.

Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
And hand once more on rein ;
Up, up into the saddle, lads,
Afield we ride again !
One cheer, one cheer for dame or dear,
No leisure now to sigh,
God bless them all—we have their prayers,
And they our hearts—'good-bye !'

Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
As gallant troopers may,
Who have long scores to settle, and
Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls—'Trot out, trot out,'—
We cheer the stirring sound ;
Swords forth, my lads—through smoke and dust
We thunder o'er the ground.
Tramp, tramp we go through sulphury clouds,
That blind us while we sing,—
Woe worth the knave who follows not
The banner of the King ;
But luck befall each trooper tall,
That cleaves to saddle-tree,
Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce
The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads : the trumpet sounds
Its last and stern command—
'A charge ! a charge !'—an ocean burst
Upon a stormy strand.
Ha ! ha ! how thickly on our casques
Their pop-guns rattle shot ;
Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
As sharply as we've got.
Now for it : now, bend to the word—
Their lives begin to shake ;
Now, through and through them—bloody lanes
Our flashing sabres make !

'Cut one—cut two—first point,' and then
 We'll parry as we may ;
 On, on the knaves, and give them steel
 In bellyfuls to-day.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Church and State,
 For Country and for Crown,
 We slash away, and right and left
 Hew rogues and rebels down,
 Another cheer ! the field is clear,
 The day is all our own ;
 Done like our sires—done like the swords
 God gives to guard the Throne !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

 Come from deep glen and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BATTLE SONG.

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark ;
What then ? 'Tis day !
We sleep no more ; the cock crows—hark !
To arms ! away !
They come ! they come ! the knell is rung
Of us or them ;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collared hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear,
What pensioned slave of Attila
Leads in the rear ?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar
Our blood to spill ?
Wear they the livery of the Czar ?
They do his will.
Nor tasselled silk, nor epaulette,
Nor plume, nor torse,
No splendour gilds, all sternly meet
Our foot and horse.
But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire !
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land :

EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS 81

Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* is ours,
And God's right hand !
Madmen ! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod !
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God !
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave ;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

WAR SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call ;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true ;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd ;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely couched to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train ;

82 EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS

Their ravished toys though Romans mourn ;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
 And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

Oh ! had they mark'd the avenging call
 Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
 Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
 In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
 Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
 Come pouring as a flood,
The sun that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabre's deadly sway,
 And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
 Or plunder's bloody gain ;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
 Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
 Shall fan the tricolour,

Or footsteps of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore.

Then, farewell home ! and farewell friends !
Adieu each tender tie !
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
High sounds our bugle call ;
Combined by honour's sacred tie
Our word is *Law and Liberty* !
March forward one and all !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SONG OF THE FOURTH DRAGOON GUARDS.

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH—clear the way, boys !
On, amid the thrilling fray,
Fourth Dragoon Guards, charge to glory,
As ye did at Llerena !
Close up columns, blithely meet them,
Onward comes the mighty crash ;
Comrades thickly falling earthward,
'Mid the cannon's roar and flash.
Faugh-a-ballagh, clear the way, boys !
On, amid the thrilling fray,
Fourth Dragoon Guards, charge to glory,
As ye did at Llerena !

THE ONSET

Faugh-a-ballagh—clear the way, boys !
Never did our gallant corps
Yield an inch of ground behind them,
Give an inch of ground before.
For the honour of Old Erin,
Whilst our standards gaily fly,
We will fight until we conquer,
Till we either win or die.
Faugh-a-ballagh, etc.

Faugh-a-ballagh—clear the way, boys !
Never be a limb at rest,
Till we sweep them like a torrent
Down into the valley's breast :
Ah ! they feel us ; keep well at them,
Man to man, and foe to foe ;
Still dash onward—now they waver,
Hurrah ! off the heights they go.
Faugh-a-ballagh, etc.

NUGENT TAILLEFER.

THE ONSET.

SOUND an alarum ! the foe is come :
I hear the tramp, the neigh, the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum,
Huzzah !

Sound ! the blast of our trumpet blown,
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone ;
What ! shall we shake at a foe unknown ?
Huzzah ! huzzah !

Have we not sinews as strong as they ?
Have we not hearts that ne'er give way ?
Have we not God on our side to-day ?
Huzzah !

Look ! they are staggered on yon black heath,
Steady awhile and hold your breath !
Now is your time, men—down like Death !
Huzzah ! huzzah !

Stand by each other, and front your foes !
Fight, whilst a drop of red blood flows !
Fight, as ye fought for the old Red Rose !
Huzzah !

Sound ! bid your terrible trumpets bray !
Blow till their brazen throats give way !
Sound to the battle ! Sound, I say !
Huzzah ! huzzah !
BARRY CORNWALL.

THE BUGLE

A CAVALRY CATCH.

UP ! for the bugles are calling,
Saddle, to boot, and away !
Sabres are clanking, and lances are glancing,
The colonel is swearing and horses are prancing,
So up with the sabres and lances,
Up and away !

Where are we off to, say ?
Saddle, and boot, and away !
With a thunder of hoofs in a rush we go past,
In a whirlwind of dust we are gone as a blast—
For we're off with the sabres and lances,
Off and away !

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE BUGLE.

LIKE a flash of scarlet light,
Thro' the darkness of the night,
I heard the bugle smite
Silence with sound :
O'er the villages and farms,
Asleep in midnight's arms,
It flung its fierce alarms
Suddenly round ;

And like a stifled sobbing
Came the thudding and the throbbing
Of the drums that moaned and muttered
Where the flaunting colours fluttered,
Battleward-bound.

Then the startled sleepers woke,
While the blatant echo broke
And dissolved, as drifting smoke
Trails o'er the hill ;
And huddling terror-eyed,
Their curtains torn aside,
They scanned the darkness wide—
All things were still.
But in their ears half-waking,
The pulsing drums were shaking,
And, keen beyond forgetting,
The bugle-call was setting
Strong hearts a-thrill.

Now, ere the dawn's dim grey
Touch the rose-rim of day,
Up, lad, upon your way,
Answer the call !
Your custom'd toils forego,
Forsake the lands you know,
Stride through the kindling glow,
Stalwart and tall :

IN THE BIVOUAC

And where the bullets whistle,
And where the bayonets bristle,
When rolling smoke has hid you,
The bugle still shall bid you
Conquer or fall !

MAY BYRON.

IN THE BIVOUAC.

COME, my lads, the bugle's sounding,
Lace your boots and hurry up,
'Tis no false alarm you're hearing,
Wait for neither bite nor sup.
Hearken ! yonder at the outposts
Rings the rifle rattle clear,
Comrades are engaged already,
And the foe is drawing near.

Hark again ! the quick 'assemble,'
Who'll be first upon parade ?
Every second's precious rarely,
To beat off this early raid.
'One, two, three,' and so to ninety,
Not a man is missing here ;
By the right we soon are moving,
Grimly silent—hearts a-cheer !

Nibble biscuit on the war-path,
Empty stomachs are not brave,
May be hours before our breakfast !
Nature's cravings off we'll stave.
Then one tiny drop to moisten
Each one's gullet let him take ;
Into line—left form—and forward—
Forward, lads, for England's sake !

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

SOLDIERS AND SOLDIERING.

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

I.

*WHEN you've shouted 'Rule Britannia'—when you've
sung 'God save the Queen'—*

*When you're finished killing Kruger with your mouth—
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in kharki ordered South?*

*He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are
great—*

*But we and Paul must take him as we find him—
He is out on active service wiping something off a slate—
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him!*

*Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table
Bay!)*

*Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to
look after their things?)*

*Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—
pay—pay!*

II.

*There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.*

94 THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR

*There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house rent fall-
ing due,*

And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.

*There are girls he walked with casual, they'll be sorry now
he's gone,*

*For an absent-minded beggar they will find him,
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming
on—*

We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him !

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—

*Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same
to-day !*

*Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to
look after the girl ?)*

*Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—
pay—pay !*

III.

*There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or
speak—*

*And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout,
And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual once
a week,*

*'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country
call,*

And his reg'ment didn't need to send to find him.

*He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before us all
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him!
Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom—
Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's someone
gone away!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to
look after the room?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and—pay!
pay! pay!*

IV.

*Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—
That, while he saved the Empire his employer saved his
place,
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all,
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy
hammered Paul,
So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left behind him!
Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire.
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table
Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what
have you got to spare?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and—pay!
pay! pay!*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Soldiers and Soldiering.

A WARRIOR'S DUTIES.

THOU, MacLugach, shalt discern
What the warrior-order learn ;
Keep in hall a courteous mood
Though in brunt of battle rude.

Blame thy spouse not, without thought,
Never beat thy hound for nought ;
Never strive with senseless loon—
Wouldst thou war with a buffoon ?

Gird at none of goodly fame,
Share not in the brawler's shame ;
Keep apart thy path, again,
From all mad or evil men.

Two-thirds of thy softness show
Women, babes that creep below,
Bards that varied verse evoke—
Nor be fierce with common folk.

A WARRIOR'S DUTIES

Be not first to seek thy sleep
Where awake thy fellows keep ;
Rules respect, false friendship shun,
Nor revered be ev'ry one.

Speak not thou mere words of might,
Say not thou'lt not yield what's right—
For a shame is mighty speech
When the deed is out of reach.

Never thou thy chief forsake
Till red earth thy life shall take ;
Nor for gain nor gold reward
Fail in warrant to thy ward.

Never to the chieftain's ear
Blame his household too severe,
It suits no true man's estate
Faulting low folk to the great.

Thou'lt bear no glozing story,
Not thine the carper's glory,
Thine, conduct clean and knightly,
Hence man shall serve thee brightly.

Never long the ale horn hold,
Never once deride the old ;
What is worthy that maintain,
Make not of misfortune pain.

Food to foodless ne'er refuse,
Nor for friend a niggard choose ;
Never on the great intrude,
Nor give cause for censure rude.

Guard thy garments, guard thine arms
Though the heat of battle harms ;
Ne'er to frowning fortune bow,
Steadfast, stern, and soft be thou.

FIONN MACCUMAL.
(*Translation by Dr Sigerson.*)

COME, IF YOU DARE.

'COME, if you dare !' our trumpets sound ;

'Come, if you dare !' the foes rebound ;

'We come, we come !'

Says the double beat of the thund'ring drum:

Now they charge on amain,

Now they rally again.

The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound—

They fly ! they fly !

'Victoria ! Victoria !' the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,

To the plunder we run ;

Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these ;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can
compare,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British
Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row row, row row, row row, to the British
Grenadiers.

Then Jove the god of thunder, and Mars the god of war,
Brave Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
And all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres,
Behold with admiration the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand-
grenades ;
We throw them from the glacis about the Frenchman's
ears,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British
Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry huzza, boys, here comes a grenadier—

UPON THE PLAINS OF FLANDERS 101

Here come the grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts
or fears.

Then sing tow, row row, row row, row row, for the
British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loopèd clothes.
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row row, row row, row row, for the British
Grenadiers.

UPON THE PLAINS OF FLANDERS.

UPON the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath old Marlboro' ;
And still in fields of conquest
Our valour bright has shown
With Wolfe and Abercromby,
And Moore and Wellington.

Our plumes have waved in combats
That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reeled backward from our shot.
In charges with the bayonet
We lead our bold compeers,
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For British Grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimiera
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing *fal lira lira*
To cheer their drooping hearts ;
But the English, Scotch, and Paddy Whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers ;
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British Grenadiers.

At St Sebastiano
And at Badajoz's town,
Though raging like volcanoes
The shell and shot came down,
With courage never wincing
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory.

And what could Buonaparte,
With all his cuirassiers,
In battle do at Waterloo,
With British Grenadiers ?
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awake the soul
Of British Grenadiers.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

THERE's many a man of the Cameron clan
That has followed his chief to the field ;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.
I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen ;
While light-springing footsteps are trampling the
heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more ;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gathered before.
I hear the pibroch, etc.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true ;
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said
That whatever men dare they can do.
I hear the pibroch, etc.

MARY M. CAMPBELL.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

WHEN first I heard the drum and fife
Strike up a march so neatly, O !
I thought I never in my life
Heard music sound so sweetly, O !

The soldiers they in coats so gay,
Retreating and advancing, too ;
With martial air, to win the fair,
It set my heart a-dancing, too :
Brown Bess I seized, the girls were pleased,
I looked so smart, you don't know how,
They laughed and cried, and sighed and cried,
When first I joined the row-dow-dow.

But when no joke at all they found,
But that I must be going, O !
In tears they every one were drowned,
Their grief so overflowing, O !
But off I went, abroad was sent,
The mounseers fought so finely, too,
While cannon-shot flew thick and hot
Such sport it was, you don't know how,
Upon that day to cut and slay
And all to the tune of row-dow-dow.

So well I liked the notion
Of guns, and wounds, and all that there,
I quickly got promotion,
And now my sword and halberd bear ;
Then, every lad must sure be glad,
On terms like these with me to 'list,
Here's glorious fame, a hero's name,
Besides ten guineas in your fist ;
Which, if you like, will pleasure give,
And if you die, you don't know how
Your praise 'twill raise, to end your days,
And all to the tune of row-dow-dow.

THE MERRY SOLDIER.

‘WHO’LL serve the King?’ cried the sergeant aloud ;

Roll went the drum, and the fife played sweetly ;

Here, Master Sergeant,’ said I from the crowd,

‘Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely.’

My father was a corporal, and well he knew his trade,

Of women, wine, and gunpowder, he never was afraid :

He’d march, fight—Left, right,

Front, flank—Centre rank.

Storm the trenches—Court the wenches,

Loved the rattle—Of a battle

Died with glory—Lives in story.

And like him, I found a soldier’s life, if taken smooth and
rough,

A very merry, very down derry, sort of life enough.

‘Hold up your head!’ said the sergeant at drill :

Roll went the drum, and the fife played loudly ;

‘Turn out your toes, sir’ ; says I, ‘Sir, I will’ ;

For a nimble-wristed round rattan the sergeant flourished
proudly.

My father died when corporal, but I ne’er turned my
back,

Till, promoted to the halberd, I was sergeant in a crack.

In sword and sash—Cut a dash,

Spurred and booted—Next recruited,

Hob and clod—Awkward squad,

Then began—My rattan,

When boys unwilling—Came to drilling,

106 KNAPSACK AND CHEERFUL HEART

Till, made the colonel's orderly—then who but I so bluff,
Led a very merry, very down derry, sort of life enough.

‘Homeward, my lads!’ cried the general; huzza!

Roll went the drum, and the fife played cheerily,
To quick time we footed, and sung all the way—

Hey! for the pretty girls we love so dearly.

My father passed his time, I’m told, in bustle, jars and
strife,

And, like merry, being fond of noise, I mean to take a wife,

Soon as miss—Blushes yes,

Rings and gloves—Dears, loves,

Bells ringing—Comrades singing

Honeymoon—Finished soon,

Panting, sighing—Children crying;

Perhaps a wedded life may prove, if taken smooth and
rough,

A very merry, very down derry, sort of life enough.

T. DIBDIN.

A KNAPSACK AND A CHEERFUL HEART.

WE soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,

We fight our foes, and love our king,

While all our wealth two words impart,

A knapsack and a cheerful heart.

While the merry, merry fife and drum

Bid intruding care be done,

Sprightly still we sing and play,

And make dull life a holiday.

Though we march, or though we halt,
Or though the enemy we assault ;
Though we're cold or though we're warm,
Or though the sleeping town we storm.

Still the merry, merry fife and drum
Bid intruding care be dumb,
Sprightly still we sing and play,
And make dull life a holiday.

Are lasses kind, or are they shy,
Or do they pout they know not why?
While full the knapsack, light the heart,
Content we meet, content we part.

For the merry, merry fife and drum
Bid intruding care be dumb,
Sprightly still we sing and play,
And make dull life a holiday.

We sigh not for the toils of state ;
We ask not of the rich nor great ;
For, be we rich, or be we poor,
Are purses full, or duns at door ;
Still the merry fife and drum
Bid intruding care be dumb,
Sprightly still we sing and play,
And make dull life a holiday.

Thus we drink, and thus we sing ;
We beat our foes, and love our king,

While all our wealth two words impart,
A knapsack and a cheerful heart.
For the merry, merry fife and drum
Bid intruding care be dumb,
Sprightly still we sing and play,
And make dull life a holiday.

HOW HAPPY'S THE SOLDIER.

How happy's the soldier that lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day ;
He fears neither justices, warrants or bums,
But rattles away with the roll of his drums,
With his row de dow, etc.

He cares not a marvedi how the world goes,
His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes ;
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums,
With his row de dow, etc.

The drum is his pleasure, his joy and delight,
It leads him to feel pleasure as well as to fight ;
There's never a girl, though ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum,
With a row de dow, etc.

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

NO LIFE'S LIKE THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

Now, without any doubt,
You're about to find out,
If you list to my mode of explaining,
How I'll keep you all jogging,
No soul ever flogging,
For that's the best method of training ;
To all and to each,
While I preach, I shall teach,
What will make you genteeler and bolder !
On my plan, a rattan
Will ne'er fall on a man
If his duty he learns like a soldier !
With a row de dow whack,
Shoulder arms in a crack,
Expert and alert, like a soldier.

When war's alarms height'ning,
Sword bright'ning, like lightning,
The enemy charging like thunder ;
Tooth and nail, thick as hail,
Yet let mercy prevail
The moment you find him knock under ;
And spare all those Turk's lives,
Who have married four wives,
The cause—if ye want to be told here—
Four widows would need
Consolation indeed,

Unless pitied by each gallant soldier !
Then row de dow whack,
Shoulder arms in a crack,
No life's like the life of a soldier !

You must march, though heat parch,
Or cold pinch, stiff and starch,
In search of the foe, till you find him ;
From each place in disgrace,
Beat, he'll ne'er show his face,
Except when he's looking behind him !
In war line the trenches,
In peace love the wenches,
They'll make ye politer and bolder ;
Your duty to beauty
Neglect, and I'll shoot ye !
Who loves not the fair is no soldier.
Then row de dow whack,
Present arms in a crack,
For beauty's the pride of a soldier.

THE NEGLECTED SOLDIER.

I SING the British soldier's praise,
A theme renown'd in story,
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
Oh, 'tis your boast and glory.
When thund'ring Mars spreads war around,
By them you are protected ;

But when in peace the nation's found,
 Poor souls, they are neglected.
 But oh ! stretch forth your aiding hand,
 In token of their merit,
 Then boldly they'll march o'er the land,
 And show a grateful spirit.

For you the musket first he takes,
 That you may rest in quiet,
 His wife and children he forsakes,
 To shift for clothes and diet.
 He sudden call'd, he knows not where,
 Nor knows he shall return
 To those he left in deep despair,
 Whose hearts for him yet burn.
 But oh ! stretch forth your bounteous hand,
 In justice to their merit,
 Then cheerful they'll march through the land,
 And show a grateful spirit.

For you through many a tedious road,
 He goes without complaining,
 From scorching heat he seeks abode,
 Sometimes without obtaining :
 By thirst and hunger oft he's prest,
 Yet scorns to droop his head,
 Ambition from within his breast
 He substitutes as bread.
 Then oh ! stretch forth your friendly hand,
 In justice to his merit,

How cheerful he'll march through the land,
And bless your generous spirit.

For you through fields of blood they'll seek
Your foes of ev'ry nation ;
'Tis their bold actions loudly speak
Their worth in ev'ry station.
Firm as a flinty wall they'll stand,
Observing strict decorum,
Until their leader gives command
To beat down all before 'em.
Then oh ! stretch forth th' assisting hand,
In justice to their merit,
When they return unto their land,
They'll bless your noble spirit.

Well, now they've thresh'd the foe, we'll say,
Did all within their power,
But little more than blows have they,
And one farthing an hour.
Little within the Frenchman's fob
To recompense their labours ;
Why, then it proves a sorry job,
Little better than their neighbours.
Then oh ! stretch forth the lib'ral hand,
In justice to their merit,
So shall they bless their happy land,
The land of godlike spirit.

Parody of Edward Rushton's 'The Neglected Tar.'

THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

THIS, this, my lad's a soldier's life :
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town to some new wife
Swears he'll be ever true ;
He's here—he's there—where is he not ?
Variety's his envied lot :
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Called out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domestic woes
He kisses off and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cause—
For these, through dangers without pause,
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if, at last, in honour's wars,
He earns his share of danger's scars,
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
He's no worse fate to rue ;
At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the slain,
And in fond fancy, once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

C. DIBDIN.

THE SOLDIER.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest
By thinking of the morrow ?
To-day be mine—I leave the rest
To all the fools of sorrow ;
Give me the mind that mocks at care,
The heart, its own defender :
The spirits that are light as air,
And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
We meet—'tis to death or glory ;
'Tis victory in all her charms,
Or fame in Britain's story :
Dear native land ! thy fortune's frown
And ruffians would enslave thee ;
Thou land of honour and renown,
Who would not die to save thee ?

'Tis you, 'tis I, that meets the ball ;
And me it better pleases
In battle with the brave to fall,
Than die of cold diseases ;
Than drivel on in elbow-chair
With saws and tales unheeded,
A tottering thing of aches and care,
No longer loved nor heeded.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
Thine eye with fire is streaming,
And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
Health sits in triumph beaming ;
Then, brother soldier, fill the wine,
Fill high the wine to beauty ;
Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

W. SMYTH.

DONALD MACDONALD.

My name it is Donald Macdonald,
I live in the Highlands sae grand ;
I hae followed our banner, an' will do,
Wherever my master has land.
When rankit among the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me awa' ;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a' ;
An' isna the laddie weel aff
Wha has brogues an' brochen an' a'?

Short syne we were wonderfu' canty
Our friends and our country to see ;

But since the proud Consul's grown vaunty,
We'll meet him by land or by sea.
Wherever a clan is disloyal,
Wherever our king has a foe,
He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald
Wi' his Highlanders all in a row.
Guns an' pistols an' a',
Pistols an' guns an' a';
He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald
Wi' guns an' pistols an' a'.

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Poor lad! he came to us but barely,
An' reckoned our mountains his hame:
'Tis true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a';
Now for George we'll encounter the devil
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'.

An' O I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again:

Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it war my finishin' blow,
He aye may depend on Macdonald,
Wi' his Highlanders all in a row.
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald Macdonald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'.

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
I laugh, whan I think how we'll gall him
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane:
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
We'll rattle him aff frae our shore;
Or lull him asleep in a cairney,
An' sing him *Lochaber no more!*
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan'
Wi' stanes an' wi' bullets an' a'.

For the Gordon is gude in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane;
An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,
An' Campbell will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' wannie,
An' sae is Macleod and Mackay:

THE BOWLD SOJER BOY

An' I, their gudebrither Macdonald,
 Sall ne'er be the last i' the fray.
 Brogues an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogues an' a';
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
 The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

JAMES HOGG.

THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

OH, there's not a trade that's going,
 Worth showing,
 Or knowing,
 Like that from glory growing,
 For a bowld sojer boy.
 When right or left we go,
 Sure you know
 Friend or foe
 Will have the hand—or toe,
 From a bowld sojer boy !
 There's not a town we march through,
 But the ladies, looking arch through
 The window-panes, will search through
 The ranks to find their joy ;
 While up the street,
 Each girl you meet,
 Will look so shy,
 Will cry,
 ' My eye !
 Oh, isn't he a darling—the bowld sojer boy !'

But when we get the rout,
How they pout,
And they shout,
While to the right about
Goes the bowld sojer boy ;
'Tis then that ladies fair,
In despair
Tear their hair,
But div'l a one I care,
Says the bowld sojer boy ;
For the world is all before us,
When the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,
But chalk us up with joy ;
We taste her tap,
We tear her cap,
' Oh, that's the chap
For me,'
Says she,
' Oh, isn't he a darling—the bowld sojer boy !'
Then come along with me,
Gramachree,
And you'll see
How happy you will be
With your bowld sojer boy.
Faith, if you're up to fun,
With me run,
'Twill be done
In the snapping of a gun,
Says the bowld sojer boy.

TIM, THE DRAGOON

And 'tis then that without scandal
Myself will proudly dandle
The little farthing candle
Of our mutual flame, my joy.
May his light shine
As bright as mine,
Till in the line,
Kill, blaze,
And raise
The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy !
SAMUEL LOVER.

TIM, THE DRAGOON.

BE aisy an' list to a chune
 That's sung of bould Tim, the dragoon.
 Sure, 'twas never he'd miss
 To be stalin' a kiss,
 Or a brace by the light of the moon,
Aroon,
 Wid a wink at the man in the moon.
 Rest his soul when the daisies grow thick,
 For he's gone from the land of the quick ;
 But he's still making love
 To the leddies above,
 An', be jabbers ! he'll tache 'em the thrick,
Aviel,
 Niver doubt but he'll tache 'em the thrick.

'Tis by Tim, the dear saints 'll set sthore,
And 'ull thrate them to whisky galore ;
For they've only to sip
But the tip of his lip
An', bedad ! they'll be axin for more,
Asthore,
Be the pow'rs they'll be shoutin' 'ancore.'
A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

SOLDIER DICK.

WHY, don't you know me by my scars?
I'm soldier Dick come from the wars,
Where many a head without a hat
Crowd honour's bed : but what of that ?
Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
What argufies who stands or falls ;
Lord ! what should one be sorry for ?
Life's but the fortune of the war :
Then rich or poor, or well or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall soldier Dick.

I used to look two ways at once—
A bullet hit me on the sconce,
And doush'd my eye—d'ye think I'd wince ?
Why, Lord ! I've never squinted since.
Beat drums, etc.

CORPORAL CASEY

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms ;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, etc.

Thus gout or fever, sword or shot,
Or something sends us all to pot ;
That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.
Beat drums, etc.

C. DIBDIN.

CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whisky ;
My uncle was rich, but would never be easy,
Till I was inlisted by Corporal Casey.
Oh ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey ;
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
My dear little Sheelah, I thought would run crazy.
Oh ! when I trudg'd off with tough Corporal Casey.
I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking ;
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey ;
The devil go with him ! I ne'er could be lazy,
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely ;
And who should the first be that dropt?—why, an',
please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

OH ! MINE BE THE FATE.

OH ! mine be the fate of some brave desperado,
My tombstone recording my story,
With here lies the ashes of Hector Tornado,
Who 'died in the midst of his glory.'

What a great, what a wonderful story !

'Midst the fife's note of joy that went
Twiddle de ara,

The trumpet of victory's tantarara,
He died in the midst of his glory.

Mounted on a noble charger,
Large as life, or maybe larger,
With a charming bas-relief,
Scene to raise spectator's grief,
Sketching out the field of battle,
All the noble row and rattle,
Drone or coward, who so dull,

But must feel their souls inflaming,
Pretty damsels all exclaiming,
 ‘ Don’t he look most beautiful ! ’
 What a great, what a wonderful story, etc.

Then the list of deeds heroic,
Deeds to raise a saint or stoic—
Serv’d with all the great commanders,
Serv’d in France and serv’d in Flanders ;
Fear defied, and danger sought
For his country, where he fought
 For her liberty and beauty !
And his last dying speech
Was for their sakes to teach
 Ev’ry man to do his duty.
What a great, what a wonderful story !
 ‘ Midst the fife’s note of joy that went
 Twiddle de ara,
 The trumpet of victory’s tantarara,
He died in the midst of his glory.

A SOLDIER AM I.

A SOLDIER am I, all the world o’er I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange ;
How welcome a soldier, wherever he roves,
Attended, like Venus, by Mars and the oves !

How dull is the ball and cheerless the fair !
What's a feast or a frolic, if we are not there !
Kind, hearty and gallant and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the drum.

'The soldiers are coming,' the villagers cry ;
All trades are suspended to see us pass by :
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden upstairs,
In a moment dismiss'd are her brooms and her cares :
Outstretched is her neck, till the soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light on the
 breeze ;
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,—
But redder her cheek at the sound of the drum.

The veteran, half dozing, awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews ;
Near his knee, his young grandson, with ecstasy
 hears

Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers ;
Of the marches he took and the hardships he knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew ;
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,
And make one more rally at the sound of the drum.

Who loves not a soldier—the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save ?
In peace, the gay friend with the manners that
 charm,
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm ;

In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known—
'Tis a temple, which honour can enter alone :
No titles I boast, yet, wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the drum.
W. SMYTH.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE IS THE LIFE WE LOVE.

AWAY we march to the bugle sounding ;
Our hands are firm and our hearts are glad ;
Our steps are light o'er the green turf bounding,—
And happy's the life of a soldier lad :
For smiling lasses, brimming glasses,
Greet us home when daylight passes ;
And then we sing to the skies above
A soldier's life is the life we love !

And when from home and call'd to duty,
Our hopes are high and our flags unfurl'd,
We bid adieu to smiles and beauty—
For a soldier's home is the wide wide world ;—
We seek our foes 'mid cannon's rattle,
And when we're victors in the battle,
O ! then we sing to the skies above,
A soldier's life is the life we love !

At Waterloo a hero led us
Whose brows are wreath'd by the deeds he'd done;
We taught our foreign foes to dread us ;—
Then cheers for immortal Wellington !
For all who hear the hero's story
Praise his deeds, and show the glory ;—
Then let us sing to the skies above,
A soldier's life is the life we love !

Though some may fall beyond the billows,
No foot shall tread on the soldier's grave ;—
We'll bear them far where bending willows
In some lone spot o'er their ashes wave :
For, though a soldier's called stern-hearted,
Tears we give for those departed ;
And our dirge shall be to the skies above,
A soldier's life is the life we love !
N. J. SPORLE.

LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a martial story ;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She sighed for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story ;
Till war, their coming joys to blight,
Called him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride ;
Jane followed—fought ! ah, hapless story !
In man's attire, by Henry's side.

She died for love, and he for glory.

T. DIBDIN.

THE FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

In danger's hour, when our haughty foes
Our British standard dare oppose,
When our gallant lads are obliged to roam,
Why should women idly stay at home ?
I'm volunteer turned, and, indeed, what's more,
A smart drill sergeant of the corps ;
And whenever Old England's claims require,
Can soon '*make ready, present, and fire !*'
I'm a merry little wag in a scarlet frock,
And my heart's as stout as my musket-stock.
The rat-tat-too I love to hear,
Like a merry little British volunteer.

With Britain's foes what can't we do ?
When, sirs, you must own we can conquer you.

See us marshall'd out, and the fight begun,
 The words '*charge bayonet!*' away they run,
 While we pink the cowards as they fly,
 Till loudly all for quarter cry;
 And as mercy's the pride of the British throne,
 The word's '*ground arms!*' and the day's our own.

I'm a merry, etc.

Their arms all grounded to our view,
 To '*take up arms!*' is, of course, our cue
 And having boldly gained the day,
 'Tis '*shoulder arms!*' and we march away.
 Then, soldier-like, each jovial soul
 Crowds gaily round the flowing bowl,
 And toasts, with voice and heart, with three,
 Britannia! George! and Liberty!

I'm a merry, etc.

C. DIBDIN (the Younger).

THE PLEASURE OF THE CAMP.

EXCEPT the folks that's left at home,
 All London now is gadding;
 My soul! to Bagshot how they roam,
 Through dust and sunshine padding!
 Hark! how the trumpets, fifes and drums,
 Platoons and cannons, mines and bombs,

130 THE PLEASURE OF THE CAMP

Incessant, morning, noon and night,
Men-milliners and tailors fright :
Who scamper, run and ride, and tramp,
T' enjoy the pleasures of the camp.

How sweet the cooling swamps to fill,
Of war to taste a sample ;
You're rolled like footballs down a hill,
While horses on you trample.
Sure, who the dev'l would stay at home,
That to the charming camp can roam ?
Are either comfort, sleep or ease,
Comparable to joys like these ?
Horses may roll you in a swamp,
Yet great's the pleasure of the camp.

Then when your hunger's at its pitch,
Which there's no hope of quelling ;
When, like old Tantalus, you itch
To taste what you are smelling :
Musha, my soul, are peace and ease
Comparable to joys like these ?
Though hot as fire, and chok'd with dust ;
Though tir'd to death, and parch'd with thirst ;
Like asses, though you thistles champ ;
Still great's the pleasure of the camp.

Then in your shops 'bout ranks and lines
Your neighbours how you jeer 'em,
And tell what counterscarps and mines
You'd seen, had you got near 'em.

Talk not of London's busy joys,
 The camp's the only place for noise ;
 Be buggies overthrown, and gigs,
 Be shopmen squeez'd to death and pigs ;
 Though wedg'd in whiskies you've the cramp ;
 Still great's the pleasure of the camp.

C. DIBDIN.

COME, EACH GALLANT LAD.

COME, each gallant lad, who'll for pleasure quit care,
 To the drum, to the drum, to the drum-head with spirit
 repair ;

Each recruit here takes his glass,
 Each young soldier with his lass ;

When the drum beats tattoo, when the drum beats tattoo,
 Retires the sweet night to pass.

Each night gaily, lads, thus we merrily waste,
 'Till the drum, 'till the drum, 'till the drum tells us it is
 past ;

Piquets' arms at dawn now shine,
 Each drum ruffs it down the line—

Hark the drum beats reveille ! hark the drum beats
 reveille !

Saluting the day divine.

But hark, yonder shot ! see that standard alarms !
Now the drum, now the drum, now the drum beats loud
to arms ;

Killed and wounded how they lie,

Helter-skelter see them fly !

Then the drum beats retreat, then the drum beats retreat,
And we fire the tender joy.

Now over the bottle our valour we boast,

While the drum, while the drum, while the drum beats
a roll every toast ;

For old England, now huzzah !

There we'll sing, love, dance and play,

And the drum we'll unbrace, and the drum we'll
unbrace,

Till war again calls us away.

MR FREE'S SONG.

OH, what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,

And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded ;

Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,

When safely in Ireland landed.

With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,

I'll drive the young girls half crazy ;

And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,

'Mister Free, now—*why can't you be aisy?*'

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight
And cut them up at 'Talavera,'
And then I'll just add how we finished the night
In learning to dance the 'bolera';
How by the moonshine we drank raal wine,
And rose next day fresh as a daisy,
Then someone will cry, with a look mighty sly,
'Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be aisy?*'

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
Around a big fire in the air, too,
Or maybe enjoying ourselves in a tent,
Exactly like Donnybrook Fair, too;
How he'd call out to me—'Pass the wine, Mr Free,
For you're a man never is lazy!'
Then someone will cry, with a wink of her eye,
'Arrah, Mickey, dear—*can't you be aisy?*'

I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;
And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
'But, acushla,' says I, 'the truth is I'm shy!
There's a lady in Ballymacracy!
And I swore on the book'—he gave me a look,
And cried, 'Mickey—*now can't you be aisy?*'

BAD LUCK TO THEIR MARCHING.

BAD luck to their marching,
 Pipe-claying and starching ;
 How neat we must be to be killed by the French !
 I'm sick of parading,
 Through wet and cold wading,
 Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
 To the tune of a fife
 They dispose of your life,
 You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt ;
 Now I like ' Garryowen '
 When I hear it at home,
 But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.
 Then though up late and early
 Our pay comes so rarely,
 The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;
 They say some disaster
 Befel the paymaster ;
 On my conscience, I think that the money's not there.
 And, just think what a blunder,
 They won't let us plunder,
 While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear ;
 Though there isn't a village
 But cries, ' Come and pillage ! '
 Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.
 Like a sailor that's nigh land,
 I long for that island
 Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;

Where it is no disgrace
 If you don't wash your face,
 And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
 With no sergeant t' abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us,
 Sure it's better beat Christians than kick a baboon ;
 How I'd dance like a fairy
 To see ould Dunleary,
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon !
 CHARLES LEVER.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.
 Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone,
 A heart with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame,
 He only knows that not through *him*
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd
 Like dreams to come and go ;
 Bright leagues of cherry blossom gleam'd
 One sheet of living snow ;
 The smoke above his father's door
 In grey, soft eddyings hung :
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by.
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
 An English lad must die.
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets, of iron framed ;
 Vain those all-shattering guns ;
 Unless proud England keeps, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons.
 So let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died as firm as Sparta's King
 Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

DAPPER TED TATTOO.

DAPPER TED TATTOO is my natty name,

For a roll or a trevally ;

Among the girls loud sounds my fame,

When I their quarters rally.

For with fife and drum

I smirking come,

Leer, cock my hat,

Swear, and all that ;

Nor never dread

A broken head

Where the cause of strife's a doxy ;

But as for wars,

And wounds and scars,

And fighting foes,

And thumps, and blows,

I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,

And gasp without assistance,

In baggage-waggon perch'd up, I

Stand umpire at a distance :

And with fife and drum

I smirking come,

'Mongst soldiers' wives,

Who lead merry lives ;

Nor never dread

A broken head

Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
Let their husbands go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars ;
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Yet think ye I am not renown'd
In foreign wars and civil ?
Why, sir, when safe at home and sound,
Zounds ! I could fight the devil :
And with fife and drum
Can smirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer, and all that ;
Nor never dread
A broken head

When the cause of strife's a doxy :
Let others go
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars ;
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus through the world I make a noise,
Where'er I'm a sojourner,
The mighty wonder and surprise
Of ev'ry chimney corner !
Where with fife and drum
I smirking come,

And rap out Zounds :
And talk of wounds,
Nor never dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife's a doxy :
They're fools who go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
In glory's wars
Gain honour's scars :
I'm wise, and fight by proxy.

C. DIBDIN.

WHEN I WAS AN INFANT.

WHEN I was an infant gossips would say,
I'd, when older, be a soldier,
Rattles and toys I'd throw 'em away,
Unless a gun or a sabre.
When a younker up I grew
Saw one day a grand review,
Colours flying, set me dying
To embark in a life so new.

Chorus.

Roll drums, merrily march away,
Soldier's glory lives in story,
His laurels are green when his locks are grey,
Then hey for the life of a soldier !

THE SOLDIER'S GLEE

Listed in battle, I march'd along,
 Courting danger, fear a stranger,
The cannon beat time to the trumpet's song,
 And made my heart a hero's ;
Charge ! the gallant leader's cry,
 On like lions then we fly,
Blood and thunder foes knock under,
 Then huzza for victory !
 Roll drums, etc.

Who so merry as we in a camp ?
 Battle over, live in clover,
Care and his cronies are forc'd to tramp,
 And all is social pleasure ;
Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,
 Time goes gaily on the wing ;
Smiles of beauty sweeten duty,
 And each private is a king,
 Roll drums, etc.

THE SOLDIER'S GLEE.

WE be soldiers three—
 Pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie—
Lately come forth of the low country,
 With never a penny of monie.

THE SOLDIER'S DRINKING SONG 141

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee !
Pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie—
To all good fellows, wherever they be,
With never a penny of monie.
And he that will not pledge me this—
Pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie—
Pays for the shot, whatever it is,
With never a penny of monie.
Charge it again, boy, charge it again—
Pardonnez-moi, je vous en prie—
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of monie.

THE SOLDIER'S DRINKING SONG.

LET's drink and sing,
My brother soldiers bold,
To country and to king,
Like jolly hearts of gold !
If mighty George commands us, we're ready to obey ;
To fight the foe, alert we go where danger points the way
Nor wounds nor slaughter fright us,
Nor thund'ring cannon balls :
Nor beds of down delight us
Like scaling city walls.
With sword and gun
We'll make the foe to fly ;

142 HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

No Britons dare to run,
All Britons dare to die.
And when at length returning, with honour, gold, and scars,
We cheerful come to view the home we left for foreign wars.
Again we'll meet the danger,
Again renew the fight,
And tell the list'ning stranger
What foes we put to flight.
Then drink and sing,
My brother soldiers bold,
To country and to king,
Like jolly hearts of gold !
While merry fifes so cheerful our sprightly marches play,
While drums alarm our bosoms warm, they drive our cares
away.
Content we follow glory,
Content we seek a name ;
And hope in future story
To swell our country's fame.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

How stands the glass around ?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys !
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound !
The trumpets sound,

The colours flying are, my boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound ;
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fare, my boys,
 On the cold ground !

Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, soldiers, why,
 Whose business 'tis to die ?
 What, sighing ? fie !
 Shun fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !
 'Tis he, you, or I,
 Cold, hot, wet or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain
 (I mean not to upbraid you, boys),
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain ;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But should we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cures all again.

WE SOLDIERS DRINK, WE SOLDIERS SING.

WE soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,
We fight our foes, and love our king,
Are ever brisk and jolly ;
We know no care, in peace or war,
We ask no wealth, but fame and health,
A knapsack and a Dolly.

When mirth invites we seldom think,
When honour calls we never shrink,
But, scorning melancholy,
Alert and gay, we march away
To foreign parts, with cheerful hearts,
A knapsack and a Dolly.

If doomed to fall, the good and brave
Will dew with tears their soldier's grave ;
Thus sadness is a folly ;
His dauntless sword Fame will record,
His comrade dear will prize and cheer
His knapsack and his Dolly.

Then, come, my noble heroes, come,
With sprightly fife and echoing drum,
With minds elate and jolly,
Let's take the field, nor ever yield
To Fortune's frowns till conquest crowns
Our knapsack and our Dolly.

THE BIVOUAC.

Now that we've pledged each eye of blue,
And every maiden fair and true,
And our green island home—to you

 The ocean's wave adorning,
Let's give one hip, hip, hip, hurra !
And drink e'en to the coming day,
 When squadron square
 Will all be there

To meet the French in the morning.

May his bright laurels never fade,
Who leads our fighting fifth brigade,
Those lads so true in heart and blade,
 And famed for danger scorning ;

So join me in one hip, hurra !
And drink e'en to the coming day,
 When squadrons square
 Will all be there

To meet the French in the morning.

And when with years and honours crowned,
You sit some homeward hearth around,
And hear no more the stirring sound

 That spoke the trumpet's warning ;
You'll fill, and drink, one hip, hurra !
And pledge the memory of the day
 When squadron square

 They all were there
To meet the French in the morning.

CHARLES LEVER.

THE UNION BRIGADE.

A SONG OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.

SCOTLAND for ever !

Shout it, lads ! Never

Traitors shall sever

Hearts that are one !

Join in the revelry,

Greys, with your chivalry,

Fearless of rivalry ;

‘ Second to none ! ’

Join in the revelry,

Greys with your chivalry,

Fearless of rivalry ;

‘ Second to none ! ’

Scotland was never

Heedless whenever

Deed or endeavour

Merited praise :

Thrust was upon her

Fiercely the honour

Waterloo won her—

‘ Terrible Greys ! ’

Join in the revelry, etc.

Here's to the riders

Rode then beside us,

Equal in pride, as

Sternly arrayed !

England's proud chivalry
Erin's fierce rivalry ;
Never such devilry
 Formed a Brigade !
 Join in the revelry, etc.

Britain for ever !
Shout it together,
Hearts that can sever
 Traitors nor foes !
While the winds whistle,
Blossom with bristle,
Shamrock and Thistle
 Twine with the Rose !
 Join in the revelry, etc.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN
NINETEENTH HUSSARS.

WHEN I first joined my Corps in the pay of the Queen,
And we packed up our kits for the wars,
We were pleased with the fat, nor complained of the
 lean,
In the ranks of the Nineteenth Hussars.
For that is the Corps that will settle the work
 That England sets to do ;

148 THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN

The hardest job they never will shirk ;
They'll always pull it through !
We'll always pull it through, my boys !
We'll always pull it through ;
The hardest job we never will shirk ;
We'll always pull it through !

When the host of Mahrattas in battle array
Tried to hinder Sir Arthur's advance,
'Twas the Nineteenth he hurled at their heads at Assaye,
And we led those Mahrattas a dance,
For Maxwell charged at the head of our men,
And scared them just a few ;
Each trooper did the work of ten—
The Nineteenth pulled him through !
We'll always, etc.

Well, I've served under Barrow at home and afar,
Where the Pyramids jostle the Nile,
And that day at El Teb, on the road to Tokar,
When he tackled the Fuzzies in style.
Oh ! that was the fight I shall never forget,
For things were looking blue ;
But Graham held his own, you bet,
The Nineteenth pulled him through !
We'll always, etc.

When the Princess had heard of the charge that we'd made,
Then it's ' Albert, my darling,' said she,
' You may stick to the Tenth, and the Rifle Brigade,
But the Nineteenth just give them to me.

For that is the Corps that will settle the work
That England sets to do ;
The hardest job they never will shirk ;
They'll always pull it through ! '
We'll always, etc.

STEADILY FORWARD.

A SOMERSET SONG.

COME, Somersets, fill up your glasses,
And drain them as dry as you can ;
For luck to sweet Somerset lasses,
And every stout Somerset man !
Then, Somersets, steadily forward,
Go straight for the front of the fray !
Though others press gallantly onward,
Let Somersets show them the way !
Then, Somersets, etc.

Wherever the blush of the morning
Awakens the herald of light,
Or softly the moon is adorning
The earth with the shadows of night,
Our Somerset bugles have sounded
The Charge, the Advance, and the Fire ;
But never, though fiercely surrounded,
Consented to blow the Retire !
Then, Somersets, etc.

Our Leaders have ever been famous,
From Huntingdon's day to our own :
The first had the honour to name us ;
Great Havelock's glory is known.
But never a one of them all, boys,
Was braver or better than he—
Boy Wilson—who sounded the call, boys,
The stormers obeyed at Ghuznee.
Then, Somersets, etc.

Some men are content to talk loudly
Of deeds that their fathers have done,
Forgetting the need to hold proudly
The name that those fathers have won.
The conduct of men who are serving
Will show what a regiment *is*—
Each man must himself be deserving
The fame that he claims to be his.
Then, Somersets, etc.

Of battles and sieges, like others,
We've done a full share in the past ;
We've stuck to each other like brothers,
As true in the first as the last.
But though we take pride in past glories,
And hope to excel if we may ;
Still more, when we read the old stories,
We vow to be worthy to-day !
Then, Somersets, etc.

THE DESERTER.

IF sadly thinking,
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking

My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'll borrow,
And hope to-morrow

Would end my woes.
But as in wailing
There's not availing,
And Death unfailing

Will strike the blow,
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go.

To joy a stranger,
A way-worn ranger,
In every danger
My course I've run ;
Now hope all ending,
And death befriending,
His last aid lending,
My cares are done ;

No more a rover
Or hapless lover,
My griefs are over,
My glass runs low ;
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go !

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

THE DANCING MASTER'S DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

I'VE carried arms through lands afar,
France, Italy and Spain ;
And many a wound, and many a scar,
I carry home again.
I never loved a single lot,
The more the merrier chance ;
So the women I courted, the men I shot,
And the girls I taught to dance.
It happened once I called a dance,
My musket in my hand ;
The troops were ordered to advance,
And all to heed command.
Now here the plaguy chance admire,
As strange as e'er you read of ;—

The Sergeant called—Present Arms !—Fire !

I did, and shot my partner's head off.

O ! then what a hurry scurry,

My ruin they seemed to delight in ;

'Twas hard to decide in the flurry

Who was dancing and who was fighting.

In came the soldiers,

Head and shoulders ;

Helter, skelter,

Routing, shouting,

Crossing, forming,

Charging, storming.

Now they foot it, left and right,

Now they're out of order quite :

Bend and sink, but not so low,

Now they're are all too much of a row.

Forward hop,

Backward pop ;

There they go.

Toe and heel now they jumble,

Now they reel, now they stumble ;

Now advance,

What's the dance ?

Order handy,

Drops of brandy ;

Stand at ease,

Buttered pease ;

Now parade,

White cockade ;

To right wheel,
Duncan's reel ;
To the left dress,
Mad Bess ;
Round and file,
Mouth of the Nile ;
Fall back,
Paddy whack ;
Order arms,
Suky's charms ;
Wheel to the right,
Jack's delight ;
March away
Devil to pay :
Fire a volley,
Charming Molly.

Fire away, soldiers, fire away, sailors,
Play the Devil among the Tailors ;
Cling, clang, bang, bang, crittle, crattle,
How folk dance about in a battle.

PRINCE HOARE.

LOVE

Love.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,—
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

GAE BRING TAE ME A PINT O' WINE.

GAE bring tae me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.

158 ELIZA, BID THY SOLDIER GO

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick Law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody;
 But it's no' the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

ELIZA, BID THY SOLDIER GO.

CEASE, cease those sighs ! I cannot bear,
 Hark ! hark ! the drums are calling ;
 Oh ! I must chide that coward tear,
 Yet kiss it as 'tis falling.

Eliza, bid thy soldier go,
 Why thus my heart-strings sever ?
 Ah ! be not thou my honour's foe,
 Or I am lost for ever.

Trust, trust that Being kind above
 With mind serene and steady ;
 He'll never bruise, believe me, love,
 The heart that breaks already.

He through thy inmost soul can peer,
And all its spring dissever ;
He'll teach thy weakness how to bear,
To give thee back thy lover.

Is He, the mighty Lord of all,
Unable to protect thee ?
Will He, who marks the sparrow's fall,
O'erlook thee or neglect thee ?

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
Whatever fate betides me,
Thy innocence shall shelter thee,
And I've no wish beside thee.

SAY, FANNY.

Platoon.

SAY, Fanny, wilt thou go with me !
Perils to face, by land and sea,
That tongue can never tell ye ?
And wilt thou all these dangers scorn,
Whilst in these arms
I hold thy charms,
Enraptur'd ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez ?

SAY, FANNY

Fanny.

Yes, yes, Platoon, I'll go with thee
In danger, whatso'er it be—
Believe 'tis truth I tell ye ;
My constant mind shall peril scorn,
Brave all alarms,
So in my arms
I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

Platoon.

Still, Fanny, wilt thou go with me ?—
Suppose the cruel Fates decree,
Alas ! how shall I tell ye ;
The news should come—thy soldier fell,
And thou shalt hear,
Appall'd with fear,
Next morning his fatal passing-bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

Fanny.

Still fearless will I go with thee,
Resign'd to cruel Fate's decree ;
And bravely this I tell ye :
When on the spot my soldier fell,
I'd shed a tear.
The world should hear,
Mingling with his, my passing-bell
When the drum beats reveillez.

Both.

To the world's end I'd go with thee,
 Where thou art, danger ne'er can be;
 My joy no tongue can tell ye;
 And sure such love may perils scorn,
 Brave all alarms,
 While in my arms,
 I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
 When the drum beats reveillez.

C. DIBDIN.

MY BONNIE YOUNG LADDIE.

OUR bonnie Scots lads in their green tartan plaids,
 Their blue-belted bonnets and feathers sae braw,
 Rank'd up on the green were fair to be seen,
 But my bonnie young laddie was fairest of a'.
 His cheeks were as red as a sweet heather bell,
 Or the red western cloud looking down on the snaw,
 His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
 And the een o' the lassies were fixed on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day
 When torn from my bosom they marched him awa'.
 He bade me farewell, he cried, 'O be leal,'
 And his red cheeks were wat wi' the tears that did fa'.

Ah ! Harry, my love, though thou ne'er shouldst return,
Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn ;
And memory shall fade like the leaf on the tree,
Ere my heart spare ae thought on another but thee.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee ;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife—
Those tears but ill become thee.
What though by duty I am called,
Where thundering cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appalled,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown ;
The tender prayer
Thou putt'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving ;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving ;

Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle—
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat
Assured, when on the wings of love
To heaven above, etc.

Enough : with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspired thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee.
I go assured, my life, adieu !
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown ;
The tender prayer
Thou putt'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

C. DIBDIN.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

It was one Monday morning,
As I marched o'er the moss,
I never thought of 'listing
Till the soldiers did me cross ;

They kindly did invite me
To pledge the ale so brown ;
They advanced me some money
Ten guineas and a crown.

Then, as I wore the white cockade,
I marched into the town,
To bid farewell to all my friends
Before I did go down.
Beneath a shady willow
I saw my sweetheart lay
Upon a mossy pillow,
And heard her, sighing, say :

'Tis my true love is 'listed,
And he wears a white cockade—
He is a handsome young man,
Besides a roving blade :
He is a handsome young man,
He is gone to serve the king ;
My very heart is breaking
All for the love of him.

'Oh, may he never prosper !
Oh, may he never thrive !
Nor anything he takes in hand,
As long as he's alive !
May the ground he treads fall under him,
The grass he bends ne'er grow ;
Since he has gone and left me
In sorrow, grief, and woe !'

I pulled out my handkerchief,
And wiped her flowing tears :
Oh, take this in remembrance,
And calm your groundless fears.
And keep you in good company
While I march o'er the plain,
Then I'll be married to my love
When I return again !

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley ;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh ! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore will live and stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

'OH, dark-eyed maid,'
The soldier said,
'I've been wounded in many a fray,
But such a dart
As you shoot to my heart
I never felt till to-day.

'Then give to me
Kisses, one, two, three, *don't stop at all*
All for dear Charity's sake.
And pity my pain,
And meet me again,
Or else my heart must break.'

Peggy was kind,
She would save the blind
Black fly that shimmered the ale,

And her quick hand stopped
If a grass-moth dropped
In the drifted snows of the pail.

One, two, three,
Kisses gave she,
All for dear Charity's sake ;
And she pitied his pain,
And she met him again,
For fear his heart should break.

The bugle blew,
The merry flag flew,
The squadron clattered the town ;
The twigs were bright on the minster elm,
He wore a primrose in his helm
As they clattered thro' the town.
Hey day, holiday, on we go !
Hey day, holiday, blow, boys, blow !
Clattering thro' the town.

And when the minster leaves were sear,
On a far red field by a dark sea drear,
In dust and thunder, and cheer, boys, cheer,
The bold dragoon went down.
Shiver, poor Peggy, the wind blows high,
Beg a penny as I go by,
All for sweet Charity's sake :
Hold the thin hand from the shawl,
Turn the wan face to the wall,

168 OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

Turn the face, let the hot tears fall,
For fear your heart should break.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

OH, WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

'Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?'
'He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds
are done,

And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.
He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds
are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.'

'Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?'
'He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.
He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.'

'Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?'
'A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a
star ;

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a
star.'

'Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes
confound !'

'The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners
round him fly ;
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye ;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners
round him fly,
And for his king and country dear with pleasure he would
die !

'But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie
bounds ;
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills, his warlike
name resounds,
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While, wide through all our Highland hills, his warlike
name resounds.'

MRS GRANT OF LAGGAN.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.*

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonnie, O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O ;
 How happy am I
 When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O ;
 While guarded in his arms
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither death nor danger shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O,
 Though commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a caddie, O.
A soldier has honour and bravery, O ;
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O.
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king ;
For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the Captain's lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,

* 'Dumbarton's Drums' were the drums belonging to the 1st Royal Scots, which took its name from the Earl of Dumbarton.

And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O.
They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie, O.
 How happy I shall be
 When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and he blesses his Annie, O.

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

IF I'd a beau for a soldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd say no?—No, not I !
When his red coat I saw
Not a sigh would it draw,
But give him *éclat* for his bravery !
If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.
 March away, etc.

When my soldier was gone, d'ye think I'd take on?
Sit moping forlorn—No, not I !
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return crowned with victory !
 If an army of Amazons, etc.
GENERAL BURGOYNE. .

WHEN BRITAIN'S SILVER TRUMPET
SOUNDS.

THREE lads contended for my heart,
Each boasted different charms and grace ;
Young Hal could sing with taste and art,
Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace,
Blithe Willy was a soldier brave,
Who feared not scars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is roused by war's alarms,
And threatening foes each hour arise :
I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
And Master Jemmy I despise ;
I love my Willy bold and brave,
He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

In piping times of peace a beau,
Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ,
But now, while threatened by each foe,
Be wise, and throw away the toy :
Take my advice—love him that's brave,
Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds—
So may your smiles your country save,
While Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

A SOLDIER, A SOLDIER FOR ME.

A SOLDIER, a soldier, a soldier for me—

His arms are so bright,
And he looks so upright,
So gallant and gay
When he trips it away,

Who is so nice and well-powder'd as he ?

Sing rub a dub rub ; a dub rub a dub ; a dub a dub dub
dub ;

Thunder and plunder !

A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me !

Each morn when we see him upon the parade,

He cuts such a flash,
With his gorget and sash,
And makes such ado
With his gaiter and queue.

Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid ?

Sing rub a dub rub ; a dub rub a dub ; a dub a dub dub
dub ;

Thunder and plunder !

A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me !

Or else when he's mounted, so trim and so tall,

With broadsword in hand,
The whole town to command,
Such capers, such prances,
Such ogling, such glances,

THE VOLUNTEER

Our hearts gallop off, and are left at Whitehall.
Sing taran tantaran ; tantaran tantaran tan—

Trumpet and thump it,—
A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me !
A soldier, etc,

THE VOLUNTEER.

A SCARLET coat, and smart cockade,
Are passports to the fair ;
For Venus' self was kind, 'tis said,
To Mars the God of War.

Then since my country calls to arms,
Love's livery will I wear ;
Nor seek reward save Nanny's charms,
But go a volunteer.

Should fortune smile and grant me fame,
The laurel will be thine,
The flowers of love I only claim,
Ah ! let their sweets entwine.
Then since my country calls to arms,
Love's livery will I wear,
Nor seek reward save Nanny's charms,
But go a volunteer.

All hardships seem as light as air,
While British maids we guard,

Each soldier has one darling care,
Her smiles his best reward.
Then since my country calls to arms,
Love's livery will I wear,
Nor seek reward save Nanny's charms,
But go a volunteer.

THUMP'EM, THE DRUMMER.

THUMP'EM, the drummer, so hearty and bold,
Rub a dub, row de dow, deary,
Went to visit his sweetheart, Moll Cook, I've been told,
Rub a dub, etc.

He went to the area, and softly cried hist !
Then slipped slyly down, and they met and they kissed,
And she slapped the best part of a goose in his fist,
Rub a dub, etc.

But scarce had poor Thump'en began for to eat,
When his eyes they did water, his pulse it did beat,
Rub a dub, etc.

His face looked as red as a soldier's new coat,
And his cheeks were puffed out with a comical bloat,
For the d——d goose's drumstick had stuck in his throat,
Rub a dub, etc.

176 THE SOLDIER'S CONSOLATION

Moll Cook gave a scream, seized the tongs in a crack,
And beat up the devil's tattoo on his back,
Rub a dub, etc.

But the bone stuck quite fast, all her thump to deride,
Lack-a-daisy, my Thump'em he's gone, then she cried,
As he lived by the drum, by the drumstick he died,
Rub a dub, etc.

R. KEELY.

THE SOLDIER'S CONSOLATION.

YES, I have seen the battle bleed,
And hundreds in the slaughter crush'd,
Heard groans to vict'ry's shouts succeed,
And fearless through the carnage rush'd,
O'er heaps of dead I march'd unmov'd
And only thought of her I lov'd.

And when the dreadful conflict ceas'd,
And when the troops retir'd to rest,
One image all my senses seiz'd,
And took its quarters in my breast.
Not e'en my dying comrades mov'd;
I only thought of her I lov'd.

Ah me ! that absence should be found
More bitter than the bitterest foe !

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YOU ° 177

That while the body 'scapes the wounds,
The mind a keener pang should know.
Yet still my heart one int'rest prov'd,
I only thought of her I lov'd.

Alas ! how little did I think,
That while my soul on Delia dwelt ;
And while I stood on peril's brink,
No tender sympathy was felt,
From scene to scene she gaily rov'd
And never thought of him who lov'd.

Then let me once again repair
To where embattled furies rise ;
And be my fate, in dying there—
While vict'ry round Britannia flies ;—
Still, still to sigh, by death unmov'd,
I only thought of her I lov'd.

CAPTAIN JAMES.

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YOU.

WHILE going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !
While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,

178 JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YOU

A doleful damsel I heard cry,—
'Och, Johnny, I hardly knew you.'

Chorus.

With drums and guns,
And guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew you,
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew you.

Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
When my poor heart you first beguiled ?
Why did you run from me and the child ?
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew you.
With drums, etc.

Where are the legs with which you run,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !
Where are the legs with which you run,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !
Where are the legs with which you run,
When you went to carry a gun ?
Indeed your dancing days are done,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew you.
With drums, etc.

It grieved my heart to see you sail,

Hurroo ! Hurroo !

It grieved my heart to see you sail,

Hurroo ! Hurroo !

It grieved my heart to see you sail,

Though from my heart you took leg bail,

Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail,

Och, Johnny, I hardly knew you.

With drums, etc.

I'm happy to see you home,

Hurroo ! Hurroo !

I'm happy to see you home,

Hurroo ! Hurroo !

I'm happy to see you home,

All from the island of Sulloon,

So low in flesh, so high in bone,

Och, Johnny, I hardly knew you.

With drums, etc.

But sad as it is to see you so,

Hurroo ! Hurroo !

But sad as it is to see you so,

Hurroo ! Hurroo !

But sad as it is to see you so,

And to think of you now as an object of war,

Your Peggy'll still keep you on as her beau,

Och, Johnny, I hardly knew you.

With drums, etc.

NO MORE SHALL I SEEK.

No more shall I seek in the red field of danger,
The phantom of honour, the hopes that betray :
I will roam like a pilgrim, and ask of the stranger
The crust and the cup that will serve for the day.
For how have I found my darings recorded ?
And how have my life-wounds and love been rewarded ?
And where is that one who, had she but applauded,
Had brighten'd ingratitude's dreariest way ?

The chosen of all—that best beam of my glory,
Who promised to light me to heaven's own shrine,
Has thrown the first blight on the dawn of my story,
And withered the wreath that she taught me to twine.
Oh ! vain was the hope that she kindled so brightly,
And which rose 'mid the stars that watched over me
nightly :
She has cast off the chain that but fetter'd her lightly
And left all its weight and its chillness on me.

No matter ! when years shall have sadden'd her spirits,
And taught her how false is the flatterer's breath,
Sad, deserted, declining, she'll think of my merits—
She'll seek me, perhaps—she must seek me in death !
She will ask—they will tell her when hope from life
parted
One heart-burst escaped, and one burning tear started ;
Then, silent and lone, I went forth broken-hearted
To seek some lone spot that might serve for a grave.

AFTER THE BATTLE



After the Battle.

SOLDIER, REST !

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,

And the bitter sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth ;
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia's hame again,
I cheery on did wander ;
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy ;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.
What spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom ;
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've served my king and country lang,
Tak' pity on a sodger ! '

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever ;
Quo' she, ' A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him will I never ;
Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake o't ;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't. '

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale as ony lily ;

She sank within my arms and cried,
‘Art thou my ain dear Willie?’
‘By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love’s regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

‘The wars are o’er, and I’m come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Though poor in gear we’re rich in love,
And mair we’se ne’er be parted !’
Quo’ she, ‘My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin’ plenish’d fairly ;
Then come, my faithfu’ sodger lad,
Thou’rt welcome to it dearly.’

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger’s prize,
The sodger’s wealth is honour.
The brave, poor sodger ne’er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he’s his country’s stay
In day and hour o’ danger.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
'Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn !'
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun !
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !
 Our race of existence is run.
Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go frighten the coward and slave !
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know
 No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark—
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save ;
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 Oh, who would not die with the brave !

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN THE BATTLE IS O'ER.

WHEN the battle is o'er, and the sounds of fight,
 Have closed with the closing day,
How happy, around the watch-fire's light,
 To chat the long hours away !

To chat the long hours away, my boy,
 And talk of the days to come,
 Or a better still, and a purer joy,
 To think of our far-off home.

How many a cheek will then grow pale
 That never felt a tear !
 And many a stalwart heart will quail
 That never quailed in fear !
 And the breast that, like some mighty rock
 Amid the foaming sea,
 Bore high against the battles' shock
 Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,
 Their hands together steal ;
 Each thinks of some long-hallowed spot,
 And all like brothers feel :
 Such holy thoughts to all are given,
 The lowliest has his part ;
 The love of home, like love of heaven,
 Is woven in our heart.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

ALAS ! the battle's lost and won ;
 Dick Flint's borne off the field
 By Death, from whom the stoutest run—
 Who makes whole armies yield !

Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,
Braved war and its alarms ;
Now Death beneath the humble sod
Has grounded his arms !

Dick's march'd before us—on a route
Where every soldier's sent ;
His fire is dead, his courage out,
His ammunition spent :
His form, so active, 's now a clod ;
His grace no longer charms ;
For Death beneath the humble sod
Has grounded his arms !

Come, fire a volley o'er his grave ;
Dead-marches let us beat ;
War's honours well become the brave,
Who sound their last retreat.
All must obey Fate's awful nod,
Whom life this moment warms ;
Death, soon or late, beneath the sod
Will ground the soldier's arms !

C. DIBDIN.

BACK AGAIN.

WHEN Abercromby, gallant Scot,
Made Britain's foes to tack again,
To fight by him it was my lot ;
But now I'm safe come back again.

The cannons didna Donald fleg—
I'd like to hear them crack again ;
My fears were for my bonnie Meg,
Lest I should ne'er come back again.

Our leader fell—so died the brave,
We'll never see his like again ;
I was denied a sodger's grave,
For I am safe come back again.

It's true they've ta'en frae me a leg,
But wha for that would mak' a mean ?
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie Meg,
I've brought a leal heart back again.

And though the wound it carried smart,
And twitch'd me sair wi' rackin' pain,
Wi' honour's scars I wadna part,
Nor yet my leg take back again.

Cheer up your heart since I am here,
Wi' smiles your cheek gae deck again ;
Cheer up, my lass, an' dinna fear,
Your Donald's safe come back again.

Though mony a rattlin' blast has blawn,
There's plenty in the stack again ;
My wee lock siller's a' your ain
Now sin' I'm safe come back again.

Now may the wars for ever cease,
Your heart nae mair to rack again ;
And may we live in love and peace,
Sin' Donald's safe come back again.

But should my country call me forth
Her freedom to protect again,
Claymore in hand I'd leave the North,
If I should ne'er come back again.

ANONYMOUS ; about 1801.

CAPTAIN MORGAN'S MARCH.

DOST not hear the martial hum ?
Dost not hear the distant drum ?
Yes, they come—our warriors come,
Glorying in their victory !
Honoured be the soldier's grave,
Glory to the fallen brave ;
Wave, triumphant banners, wave—
England has the victory !

Soon shall many a wife with glee
Haste, her soldier-lover to see ;
Soon his babes shall clasp his knee,
Prattling of the victory.
Honoured be, etc.

Soon must many a bosom swell
High with grief, while hearing tell
How a sire or husband fell
On the field of victory.
Honoured be, etc.

Yet their fame their fall endears—
Widows, orphans, hush your fears ;
England's hand shall dry those tears
Which obscure her victory.
Honoured be, etc.

Rest, poor mourners, safely rest
On your grateful country's breast ;
England feels for the distressed,
'Midst the swell of victory.
Honoured be, etc.

England's pleasure, England's pride,
Is through life to aid and guide
Those who loved the men who died
Glorying in her victory.
Honoured be, etc.

M. G. LEWIS.

THE HIRLAS HORN.*

FILL high the blue Hirlas that shines like a wave,
When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea,
And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
‘The Dragons of Battle, the Sons of the Free!’
To those from whose spears in the shock of the fight
A beam like Heaven’s lightning flashed over the field,
To those who came rushing as storms in their night,
Who have shivered the helmet and cloven the shield,
The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,
When lances were red from the harvest of war!

Fill high the blue Hirlas! O, cup-bearer fill!
For the lords of the field in their festival’s hour,
And let the mead foam like the stream of the hill,
That burst o’er the rock in the pride of its pow’r.
Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn,
Of honour and mirth for the conflict is o’er;
And round let the golden-tipped Hirlas be borne,
To the lion defenders of Gwynedd’s fair shore,
Who rushed to the field when the glory was won,
As eagles that soar from the cliffs to the sun.

FELICIA HEMANS.

* A long, blue, silver-rimmed horn, used for drinking and also for sounding in battle.

THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF THE
VICTORIA CROSS.*June 26th, 1857.*

To-DAY the people gather from the streets,
To-day the soldiers muster near and far ;
Peace, with a glad look and a grateful, meets
Her rugged brother War.

To-day the Queen of all the English land,
She who sits high o'er Kaisers and o'er Kings,
Gives with her royal hand—th' Imperial hand
Whose grasp the earth en-rings—

Her cross of Valour to the worthiest ;
No golden toy with milky pearls besprent,
But simple bronze, and for a warrior's breast
A fair, fit ornament.

And richer than red gold that dull bronze seems,
Since it was bought with lavish waste and worth
Whereto the wealth of earth's gold-sanded streams
Were but a lack, and dearth.

Muscovite metal makes this English Cross,
Won in a rain of blood and wreath of flame ;
The guns that thundered for their brave lives' loss
Are worn hence, for their fame !

Ay, listen ! all ye maidens laughing-eyed,
And all ye English mothers, be aware !

Those who shall pass before ye at noontide
Your friends and champions are.

The men of all the army and the fleet,
The very bravest of the very brave,
Linesman and Lord—these fought with equal feet,
Firm-planted on their grave.

The men who, setting light their blood and breath
So they might win a victor's haught renown,
Held their steel straight against the face of Death,
And frowned his frowning down.

And some that grasped the bomb, all fury-fraught,
And hurled it far, to spend its spite away—
Between the rescue and the risk no thought—
Shall pass our Queen this day.

And some who climbed the deadly glaxis-side,
For all that steel could stay, or savage shell;
And some whose blood upon the Colours dried
Tell if they bore them well.

Some, too, who, gentle-hearted even in strife,
Seeing their fellow or their friend go down,
Saved his, at peril of their own dear life,
Winning the Civic Crown.

Well done for them; and, fair Isle, well for thee!
While that thy bosom beareth sons like those;
'The little gem set in the silver sea'
Shall never fear her foes!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder, and blade by blade,
Fought till they fell and died!
Who so ready and undismay'd?
Who so merry and true?
Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
Where are the lads we knew?
Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

Over the sea far away they lie,
Far from the land of their love;
Nations may alter, the years go by,
But Heav'n still is Heav'n above!
Not in the abbey proudly laid,
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade,
They sleep in old England's heart.
Then steadily, etc.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone ;
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
'Land of song,' said the warrior bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !'

The minstrel fell ! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.'

THOMAS MOORE.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

W. COLLINS.

MOURN FOR THE BRAVE.

OH, mourn for the brave,
Who have fought for us, have bled for us ;
Oh, mourn for the brave,
Who lie low among the slain !
For us they left their native land,
To meet the foe on foreign strand ;
For us they struggled sword in hand
And fought for us, and bled for us ;
But now they sleep,
In silence deep,
Upon the battle plain !

Dear were their homes to them,
Who fought for us, who bled for us ;
Dear were their homes to them,
We ne'er shall see again !
But, at their country's call, they took
And turned to sword the pruning-hook ;

MOURN FOR THE BRAVE

A foeman's bonds they could not brook,
Who fought for us, who bled for us ;
And now they sleep,
In silence deep,
Upon the battle plain !

Deep is our debt to them,
Who fought for us, who bled for us ;
Deep is our debt to them,
For us who cross'd the main !
They gave our hills their golden fleece,
They gave our plains their rich increase,
To them we owe the ark of peace—
Who fought for us, who bled for us ;
Though now they sleep,
In silence deep,
Upon the battle plain !

Then shout for the brave,
Who have fought for us, have bled for us ;
Then shout for the brave,
Who poured out their blood like rain !
Their deeds shall every tongue engage ;
Their names are writ on history's page ;
And age shall proudly tell to age ;
Who fought for us, who bled for us ;
Though now they sleep,
In silence deep,
Upon the battle plain !

THE LAST BUGLE.

HARK ! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the
brave ;

The soldier retreats to his quarters—the grave ;
Under Death, whom he owns his commander-in-chief,
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief ;
Yet, in spite of Death's terrors, or hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms.

Worn out in the service, Death signed his discharge,
For the grave pitched his tent, where he's pensioned at
large

In a corps of reserve, till the great muster-day,
When the coward and hero shall each have their pay.
Then, spite of Death's terrors, or hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle, he'll stand to his arms.

Farewell, brother soldier, in peace may you rest,
And light lie the turf on your veteran breast,
Until that great day when the souls of the brave
Shall behold the chief ensign, fair Mercy's flag, wave ;
Then, forced from Death's terrors or hostile alarms,
When we hear the last bugle, we'll stand to our arms.

E. H. CUMMING.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Lassies a-lilting before the dawn of day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
 The lassies are lonely and dowie and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst at the shearing nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart and runckled and grey ;
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en at the gloaming nae swankies are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lassies at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the border !
 The English for ance by guile won the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest that focht aye the foremost,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JANE ELLIOT.

OUR DEAD.

Oct. 1899.

SYE, do yer 'ear thet bugle callin'
Sutthink stringe through the city's din?
Do yer shut yer eyes when the evenin's fallin',
An' see quite plain wheer they're fallin' in?
An' theer ain't no sarnd as they falls in,
An' they mawch quick step with a silent tread
Through all ar 'earts, through all ar 'earts,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead.

A woman's son, and a woman's lover—
Yer'd think as nobody 'eld 'im dear,
As 'e stands, a clear mawk, art o' cover,
An' leads the rush when the end is near;
One more ridge and the end is near,
One more step an' the bullet's sped.
My God, but they're well-officered,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead!

Never they'll 'ear the crard a-cheerin',
These 'ull never come beck agine;
Theer welkim 'ome is beyond ar 'earin',
But theer nimes is writ, an' theer nimes remine,
An' deep an' lawstin' theer nimes remine
Writ in theer blood for theer country shed;
An' they stan's up strite an' they knows no shime,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead.

BARRY PAIN.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

How must the soldier's tearful heart expand,
Who from a long and obscure dream of pain,—
The foeman's frown imprinted on his brain,—
Wakes to thy healing face and dewy hand !
When the great noise has rolled from off the land,
When all those fallen English men of ours
Have bloomed and faded in Crimean flowers,
Thy perfect charity unsoiled shall stand.
Some pitying student of a nobler age,
Lingering o'er this year's half-forgotten page,
Shall see its beauty smiling ever there !
Surprised to tears his beating heart he stills,
Like one who finds among Athenian hills
A Temple like a lily white and fair.

From *Sonnets on the War* by ALEX.
SMITH and SYDNEY DOBELL.

AMERICAN

American.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift
sword :

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps :

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
' As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace
shall deal ;

'HAIL, COLUMBIA!'

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,

Since God is marching on.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat ;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

'HAIL, COLUMBIA!'

HAIL, Columbia ! happy land !

Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band !

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valour won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost,

Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty !
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more !
Defend your rights, defend your shore !
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While off'ring peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice shall prevail
And every scheme of bondage fail.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

OH ! say can ye see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming ;
Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing—

210 THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there ;
Oh ! say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner ! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave ;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh ! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation ;
Blest with victory and peace may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto : ' In God is our trust ' ;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country ! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Our Father's God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing ;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King !

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

I.

JOHN BROWN'S body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
 His soul is marching on.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
 His soul is marching on.

II.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 On the grave of old John Brown.
 Glory, glory, etc.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM 213

III.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, etc.

IV.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on !
Glory, glory, etc.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
We will rally from the hillside,
We will rally from the plain
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Chorus.

The Union for ever ! Hurrah, boys, hurrah !
Down with the traitors, up with the stars,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

214 WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers
The loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor,
Not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom !

So we're springing to the call
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from New England's shore.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM 215

We leave our ploughs and workshops,
Our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,
With but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more !

Chorus.

We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore ;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops
That meet the northern sky,
Long, moving lines of rising dust
Your vision may descry,
And now the wind an instant
Tears the cloudy veil aside
And floats our spangled flag
In glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam
And bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more !

216 WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

If you look all up our valleys,
Where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys
Fast forming into line ;
And children from their mothers' knees
Are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow
Against their country's needs ;
And a farewell group stands weeping
At every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more !

You have called us and we're coming
By Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake,
Our brothers' bones beside ;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp
To wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes,
Its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more !

JOHN S. GIBBONS.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

BRING the good old bugle, boys,
We'll sing another song ;
Sing it with the spirit
That will start the world along.
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! We bring the jubilee !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! The flag that makes you flee ;
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted
When they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled
Which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes
Even started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men
Who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honoured flag
They had not seen for years,

DIXIE

Hardly could they be restrained
From breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

‘ Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys
Will never reach the coast,’
So the saucy rebel said.
It was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas !
To reckon with their host,
Whilst we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare
For freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude,
Three hundred to the main ;
Treason fled before us,
For resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia.
HENRY C. WORK.

DIXIE.

WISH I was in de land ob cotton, old times dar are
not forgotten ;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

In Dixie land whar I was born in, early on one frosty
mornin',

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

Chorus.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray ! hooray !

In Dixie land I'll took my stand, to lib and die in
Dixie ;

Away, away, away down South in Dixie !

Away, away, away down South in Dixie !

Ole missus marry 'Will-de-weaber,' Willum was a gay
deceaber ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

But when he put his arm around her, he smiled as fierce
as a forty-pounder ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber, but dat did
not seem to greab her ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

Ole missus acted de foolish part, and died for a man
dat broke her heart ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

Now here's health to de next ole missus, an' all de gals
dat want to kiss us ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, come an' hear dis
song to-morrow ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

220 MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND !

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injin batter, makes you fat,
or a little fatter ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, to Dixie's land
I'm bound to trabble ;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land !

DANIEL D. EMMETT.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND !

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland !

His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland !

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland !

My mother State ! To thee I kneel,
Maryland !

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,

Maryland !

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,

Maryland !

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,

Remember Howard's warlike thrust,

And all thy slumberers with the just,

Maryland, my Maryland !

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,

Maryland !

Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,

Maryland !

Come to thine own heroic throng

That stalks with liberty along,

And give a new key to thy song,

Maryland, my Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,

Maryland !

But thou wast ever bravely meek,

Maryland !

But lo, there surges forth a shriek !

From hill to hill, from creek to creek,

Potomac calls to Chesapeake,

Maryland, my Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,

Maryland !

222 JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland !
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Maryland, my Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland !
The old line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland !
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza, she spurns the Northern scum !
She breathes, she burns ! she'll come, she'll come !
Maryland, my Maryland !
JAMES RYDAL RANDALL.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah ! hurrah !
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah ! hurrah !
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny come marching home.

The old church bells will peal with joy,

Hurrah ! hurrah !

To welcome home our darling boy,

Hurrah ! hurrah !

The village lads and lasses gay,

With roses they will strew the way,

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,

Hurrah ! hurrah !

We'll give the hero three times three,

Hurrah ! hurrah !

The laurel wreath is ready now,

To place upon his loyal brow,

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,

Hurrah ! hurrah !

Their choicest treasures all display,

Hurrah ! hurrah !

And let each one perform some part,

To fill with joy the warrior's heart,

And we'll all feel gay

When Johnny comes marching home.

PATRICK S. GILMORE.

YANKEE DOODLE

YANKEE DOODLE.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Good'n,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Chorus.

Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David ;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day
Would keep a house in winter ;
They have so much that I'll be bound
They eat it when they're mind ter.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning ;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it ;
It scared me so I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapped his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumkin shell,
As big as mother's basin,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather ;
They knocked on it with little clubs,
To call the folks together.

YANKEE DOODLE

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him ;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him in his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion ;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jemima.

I see another snarl of men
A-digging graves they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

THE END.

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